THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 122 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860.

{ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2009.}

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

A FAMILY PAPER,

Devoted to News, Literature, &c.

TERMS (CASH IN ADVANCE.)

SINGLE COPY $2,00 A YEAR.

☞ For terms to Clubs—Beautiful Premium Engravings, &c.—see next page.

UNBELIEF.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The years climb up the giddy steep of ages,
The brave old world rushes to meet her doom,
Man lives, and toils, and dies. What are his wages?
Sorrow and suffering. His heritage? The tomb!
False heart, thou speakest lies!
Spirit sown i' the earth will bud and bloom
In the eternal garden of the skies.

God heeds us not. He shuts the door of Heaven,
Deaf to our prayers, blind to our ceaseless tears.
Widely we stray. We are like lost sheep, driven
Unto destruction by our wolfish fears.
Oh, heart, God loves us all;
He the Good Shepherd is, who ever hears
The voices of His children, when they call!

Life is a toil. We cannot what we would.
We yearn for greatness. God alone is great.
Our best endeavors fail to win us good,
Hope cheats us, and we are the fools of fate.
Peace, heart! How sayest thou?
Thrown in the night of faith. Trust God, and wait,
In Heaven, the aim and end of life to know.

What is the use? Oh, storm! Oh, night! Oh, doubt!
What foes to peace and happiness are ye!
Tempting the o'er-sad soul till it cries out,
"There is no God, and no eternity!"
Faith, heart! Heaven doth abide
Above earth's night and tempest, and for thee,
Scorned of life, the Lord was crucified.

ANNE L. MUZZEY.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

The rain was pouring down in torrents; nevertheless the street of South Wennock was alive with bustle, especially in the vicinity of the Red Lion inn. It was the day appointed for the inquest on the deceased Mrs. Crane.

The county coroner, whose residence was in the county town, was momentarily expected, and presently his gig dashed up, himself and his clerk in it. He was a lawyer, a short, stout man with black hair, and a jovial looking face, and as he emerged from under the large gig umbrella, he shook hands with some of the bystanders, his acquaintances; the clerk followed with a blue bag.

The coroner popped into the bar, swallowed a glass of hot brandy-and-water, and then proceeded to the board-room to swear the jury. It was a long room, the club-room of the inn, and a table covered with green baize ran down it, at which they seated themselves, and the coroner opened proceedings. Then they departed to view the body.

They went splashing through the rain and the mud, their umbrellas of little use, for the wind, remarkably high, kept turning them inside out. A genteel attendance escorted them, all the gentlemen idlers in the place, all the curious tradespeople, the unwashed mob, and the street urchins; by the pertinacity with which these last dodged the jury's heels, it might be thought that they believed the august functionaries to be living curiosities from a travelling wild beast show.

The necessary inspection over, they splashed back to the Red Lion, and the business began. We may glance at the evidence of two or three of the witnesses, but not at all, for it would only tire the reader. Difficulty the first was: What was the young lady's Christian name? Nobody could answer; her linen, it was said, was marked with a large C., the initial letter of the word Crane, but with nothing else. Some suggested that this was more probably the initial of her Christian name—Caroline—or Charlotte—but it was impossible to say. Her boxes had been examined—one large trunk and a workbox—but no clue to who she was, or what she was, was found; no scrap of paper indicated her previous abode, or why she came there.

Mrs. Fitch, the landlady of the Red Lion, told what she knew of the stranger's arrival by the omnibus, the previous Friday, and that she had recommended her to the lodgings in Palace street. Mr. Stephen Grey testified to his being summoned to her on the same night, to the subsequent birth of the infant, and to her safe and healthy condition afterwards, up to seven o'clock on the Monday evening, at which hour he last saw her alive. Mr. John Grey and Mr. Brooklyn from Great Wennock, gave evidence of the cause of her death—poison, by prussic acid; and there were other points of evidence, technical or otherwise, not necessary to go into in detail.

There had been a question raised by the coroner, as to whether Mr. Stephen Grey should give his evidence; that gentleman expressed himself anxious and willing to tender it; and at length the coroner decided to admit it, warning Mr. Stephen that he need not say anything to criminate himself, and that what he did say might possibly be used as evidence against him. Mr. Stephen smiled, and replied that all he had it in his power to say might be used against him if it could be. He spoke to the making up of the composing draught, to the ingredients of which it was composed. Frederick Grey, his son, testified that he had seen it made up, minutely describing what had been put into it, as his father had done, and to the sending the draught, by Dick, the boy. Dick, who was the next witness, protested, with a very red and startled face, caused by finding himself before a coroner's court, that he had taken it safely and given it into the hands of Nurse Pepperfly.

"Call Nurse Pepperfly," said the coroner.

Nurse Pepperfly was shouted for in the adjoining room, and escorted in, in rather a shaky state. Not caused by any imbibing of strong waters; from that she had that morning kept herself free; but from the general agitation of the anticipated proceedings. She had attired herself in her best, of course; a short, black stuff gown, the worse for stains and dirt, a scarlet, woollen shawl, and a rusty, black bonnet, with a bow at the top. The wind, in coming along the street, had taken the shawl, and the bonnet and the grey hairs underneath, and played with them after its own boisterous fashion; so that, altogether, Nurse Pepperfly presented a somewhat red and towzled appearance. She wore pattens and white stockings, the latter a mass of splashes, which, as her gown came down not much below her calves, were distinctly visible; but the extraordinary rotundity of Mrs. Pepperfly's person seemed almost to preclude the possibility of any gown's being made long enough to hide her legs. She took off her pattens when close to the coroner, and held them in one hand, dripping with rain, below in the other. A remarkable umbrella, apparently more for show than use, since its stick and wires projected a full foot at the bottom through the gingham, and there was no handle visible at the top. There was a smothered smile at her appearance when she came in, and her evidence caused some diversion, not only in itself, but from the various honorary titles she persisted in according to the coroner.

"Your name's Pepperfly," began the coroner.

"Which it is, my lord, with Betsey added to it," was the response, with as deep a curtesy as the witness's encumbrances of person would allow her.

"You mean Elizabeth," said the coroner, raising his pen from his note book, and waiting.

"Your worship, I never knowed myself by any thing but Betsey. It may be as 'Lizabeth was written in the register at my baptism, but I can't speak to it. Mother—"

"That will do," said the coroner. And after a few more questions he came to the chief point. "Did you take in some medicine last Monday evening, for the lady you were nursing, Mrs. Crane?"

"Yes, my lord, I did. It were a composing draught—leastways, that's what it ought to have been."

"What time was that?"

"It were after dark, sir, and I was at my supper."

"Can't you tell the time?"

"It must have been a goodish bit past eight, your worship, for I had begun to feel dreadful peckish afore I went down, and eight o'clock's my supper hour. I had just finished it, sir, when the ring came, it were pickled herrings as we had—"

"The jury do not want to know what you had for supper; confine yourself to the necessary points. Who brought the medicine?"

"That boy of the Mr. Greys, Dick. A insolent young rascal, Mr. Mayor, as you ever set eyes on. He whips up the kiver of his basket, and out he takes a small bottle wrapped in white paper, and gives it me. I should like to tell you, my lord, what he said to me."

"If it bears upon the case, you can tell it," replied the coroner.

"'Now, old Hogshead Barrel,' said he, 'how are you off for gin?' My fingers tingled to knock him down, my lord mayor and corporation, and I should have done it, but he backed out of my reach."

Mrs. Pepperfly in her indignation had turned round to the jury, expecting their sympathy, and the room burst into a laugh.

"He backed away out of my reach, gentlemen, afeared of getting his neck wrung, and squatted down in the middle of the road and made a mocking face at me; knowing I'd no chance of getting to him, for they are as lissome as cats, them rapecallions, and I'm rayther stout to set up a run."

"I told you to confine yourself to evidence," said the coroner, in a reproving tone. "What did you do with the medicine?"

"I took it up-stairs, gentlefolks, and Mr. Carlyon come out of the lady's room, where he was, having called in, and asked what it was I had got. I said it was the sleeping draught from Mr. Grey's, and he took it out of my hand, and said it smelt of oil of almonds."

"Oil of almonds? Are you sure that's what he said."

"In course I'm sure," retorted Mrs. Pepperfly, "I didn't dream it. He took out the cork, and he smelt the stuff, and then he said it—what could Mr. Stephen Grey be giving her oil of almonds for?" he said.

"Did you smell it?"

"I can't say I did, your lordship, though Mr. Carlyon was surprised I couldn't, and put it to my nose. But my nose hadn't got no smell in it just at that particular moment, and so I told him."

"Why had it not?" inquired the coroner.

Mrs. Pepperfly would have liked to evade the question. She fidgeted first on one leg, then on the other, put down her pattens and took them up again, and gave her umbrella a shake, the effect of which was to administer a shower of rain drops to all the faces in her vicinity.

"Come," said the coroner, sharply, "you stand there to tell the truth. If the stuff emitted so strong a smell, how was it you could not smell it?"

"I had just swallowed a wee drop of gin, sir," replied Mrs. Pepperfly, in a cowed tone. "When my supper were over, Mrs. Gould says to me, 'Just a drain, mum, to keep the herrings down, it's obligatory for your health.' And knowing I'm weak in the stomach, gentlefolks, which gets upset at nothing, I let myself be over-persuaded, and took a drain; but you couldn't have put it into a thimble."

"I daresay you couldn't," said the coroner, while the room tittered.

Mrs. Pepperfly's slip of the tongue took her aback.

"I meant to say as 'twouldn't have filled a thimble, gentry, I did indeed, for that was the fact, but no wonder my wits is scared out of me, a standing up here afore you all. Just as I was a swallowing of the wee drain, the ring come to the door, so that I had, as you may say, the gin actially in my mouth when I took the medicine up-stairs; and that's the reason I hadn't got no smell for anything else."

"Who took possession of the draught? You, or Mr. Carlyon, or the sick lady?"

"I did, your honors. I put it to the rest of the bottles on the chaffonier in the sitting room, and—"

"Was there any other bottle there that could have been mistaken for this?" interrupted the coroner.

"Not one in all the lot," responded the witness. "They were most of 'em empty bottles, and bigger than the one the draught was in, and they're there still."

"Had any person an opportunity of touching that bottle in the intermediate time between your placing it there, and your administering it to the patient?"

"There warn't nobody in the house to touch it," returned the witness. "I was either in the room or down stairs with Mrs. Gould, and there was nobody else. When I went to get it, to give it to the lady, Mrs. Gould lighted and I'm sure it hadn't been touched, for the shelf of that chaffonier's a tilting, narrow sort of place, and I had put the draught bottle right in the corner, resting again the back, and there I found it."

"Mr. Carlyon was gone then?"

"Mr. Carlyon? Oh, he went soon after it come; he didn't stay long, your reverences."

"Witness, I am going to ask you a question; be particular in answering it. There has been a rumor, gaining credit, that Mr. Carlyon warned you not to administer that draught; is it correct?"

"I declare, to the goodness gracious, that Mr. Carlyon never said nothing of the sort," returned the witness, putting herself into a flurry. "My lord—your worship—gentlemen of the honorable corporation all round" (turning herself about between the coroner and jury) "if it was the last blessed word I had to speak, I'd stand to it that Mr. Carlyon never said a word to me about not giving the draught; he sniffed at it, as if he'd like to sniff out what it was made of, and he put a drop on his finger and tasted it, and he said it smelt of oil of almonds; but, as to saying he told me not to give it, it's a barefaced falsehood, my lord judge."

The coroner had allowed her to spend her wrath.

"You administered the draught yourself to Mrs. Crane?"

"Yes I did, as it were my place to do, and Mrs. Gould stood by, a lighting of me. I put it out into a wine glass, and then my mouth being all right again, I smelt it strong enough, and so did Mrs. Gould."

"The lady did not object to take it?"

"No, poor thing, she never objected to nothing as we give her, and she was quite gay over it. As I held it to her, she gave a sniff, like Mr. Carlyon had done, and she smiled. 'It smells like cherry pie, nurse,' said she, and swallowed it down; and a'most before we could look round, she was gone. Ah, poor young lady! I should like to have the settling of them as put it in."

Mrs. Pepperfly, in her sympathy with the dead, or rage against the destroyer, raised her hands before her and shook them. The rings of the pattens clanked together, and the umbrella was ejecting its refreshing drops, when an officer of the court seized her arms from behind, and poured an anathema into her ear.

"A coroner's court warn't a place to wring wet umbrellas in, and if she didn't mind, she'd get committed."

"Were you conscious that she was dead?" inquired the coroner.

"Not at first, my lord judge, right off at the moment. I thought she was a fainting, or took ill in some way. 'What have upset her now?' I says to Mrs. Gould, and, with that, I took off her nightcap, and rose her head up. Not for long, though," concluded the witness, shaking her head, "I soon see she was gone."

"You know nothing whatever, then, nor have you any suspicion, how the poison could have got into the draught?"

The coroner put this question at the request of one of the jury.

"I!" returned Mrs. Pepperfly, amazed at its being asked her. "No: I wish I did. I wish I could trace it home to some such a young villain as that Dick what brought the bottle down; I'd secure a good place to go and see him hung, if I had to stand on my legs twelve hours for it—and they swells frightful in standing, does my legs, my lord."

"The boy had not meddled with the medicine in bringing it?" cried the coroner, quickly.

"Not he, my Lord Mayor," was the reply of the witness. "I wish he had, that I might have been down upon him, the monkey! But I be upon my oath, and must speak the truth, which is, that the bottle come neat and untouched, the white paper round it, just as the Greys send out their physics."

They had done with Mrs. Pepperfly for the present, and she made a curtsey to the four sides of the room, and sailed out of it. The next witness called was Lewis Carlyon. His gentlemanly appearance, good looks, and the ready manner in which he gave his evidence, presented a contrast to the lady just retired.

"Upon my returning home from a journey last Sunday night," he began, when the coroner desired him to state what he knew, "one of my servants handed me a note, which had been left for me, he said, on the previous Friday. It proved to be from a Mrs. Crane, requesting to see me professionally, and was dated from the house in Palace Street, where she now lies dead. I went there at once, found that she had been confined, and was being attended by Mr. Stephen Grey, who had been called to her in consequence of my absence—"

The coroner interposed with a question:

"Have you that note to produce?"

The witness reflected.

"I really do not think I saved it; it is not my custom to save that sort of notes, and, though I do not positively recollect doing so, I have no doubt I put it in the fire as soon as read. There was nothing in it that could have thrown light upon the case; two or three formal lines, requesting me to call and see her, comprised it."

"Was it signed with her full name?"

"Her full name?" repeated Mr. Carlyon, as if he scarcely understood the question.

"We have no clue to her Christian name. This note may have supplied it; or perhaps it was written in the third person."

"Oh, of course; I scarcely comprehended you," answered Mr. Carlyon. "It was written in the third person. 'Mrs. Crane presents her compliments to Mr. Carlyon,' &c. That's how it was worded."

"In your interview with her that evening, did you gather any information as to who she was?"

"Not the slightest. It was late, and I thought it unwise to disturb her; what little passed between us related chiefly to her state of health. I regretted my absence, and said I was glad to find she was doing well, under Mr. Stephen Grey. She wished me to attend her, now I had returned, and I understood her to say she had been recommended to me by friends, previous to her coming to South Wennock."

"Do you know by whom?"

"I have no idea whatever, and I am not absolutely certain that she did say it. She appeared drowsy, spoke in a low tone, and I did not precisely catch the words. I intended to ask her after she got better, and was more equal to conversation. There are none of my own friends or acquaintance who bear the name of Crane—none that I can remember."

"Did you take charge of her from that hour?"

"Certainly not. I should not do so, without her being professionally resigned to me by Mr. Stephen Grey. I met Mr. Stephen in High Street the following day, and I requested him as a favor to retain charge of her until that evening or the following morning. I found so much to do for my patients, after my short absence, that I had not time to meet him, before that, at Mrs. Crane's. It was arranged that I should be there at seven in the evening, if I were able; if not, at ten the next morning."

"Did you keep the appointment at seven?"

"No, I could not. I did get down, but it was more than an hour later, and Mr. Stephen had of course gone. Mrs. Crane appeared to be very well, except that she was a little heated; she was in very good spirits, and I told her I should take formal possession of her the next morning at ten. She seemed to think I might have done so that day, and I explained to her how I had been driven with my patients. I inquired if she was not satisfied with Mr. Stephen Grey, but she expressed herself as being perfectly satisfied with him, and said he had been very kind to her."

"Did the draught come while you were there?"

"Yes. Whilst I was talking with Mrs. Crane, I heard a ring at the front bell, and some one came up the stairs and entered the sitting-room. I thought it might be Mr. Stephen Grey, and stepped there to see, but it was the nurse. She had a small bottle of medicine in her hand, which she said was the composing draught, and upon looking at the direction, I saw that it was."

"Did you perceive that it bore any peculiar smell?"

"Yes, the moment I had it in my hands.—Before I had well taken out the cork, the strong smell struck me; I thought it was oil of almonds; but I soon found it was prussic acid."

"It smelt of prussic acid?"

"Very strongly. The nurse professed not to be able to smell it, which I could scarcely believe. I wondered why Mr. Grey should be administering prussic acid, especially in a composing draught, but it was not for me to question his treatment, and I returned the bottle to the nurse."

"You did not suspect there was sufficient in to kill her?"

Mr. Carlyon smiled.

"The question is superfluous, sir. Had I suspected that, I would have taken better care than I did that she did not drink it. Minute doses of prussic acid are sometimes necessary to be given, and I could not tell what symptoms had arisen in the patient that day. After I returned to Mrs. Crane's chamber, which I did a few minutes before leaving, I could not get the smell out of my head. The thought occurred to me, could there have been any mistake in the making up of the draught—for of course we all know that such errors have occurred, and not unfrequently, especially when inexperienced apprentices have been entrusted to do it. An impulse prompted me to desire Mrs. Crane not to take the draught, and I did so. I—"

"Did you acquaint her with your fears that there might be poison in it?"

Again the witness smiled.

"Pardon me, Mr. Coroner; you do not know much of sick treatment, or you would not ask it. Had I said to the patient that I thought it possible her medicine might have been poisoned by mistake, I should possibly have given her a dangerous fright; and all frights are dangerous for women in her condition. I told her I did not quite approve of the draught Mr. Stephen Grey had sent in, and would go and speak to him about it; but I charged her *not to take it*, unless she heard again from me, or from Mr. Grey, that she might do so."

"How do you account, then, for her having taken it?"

"I cannot account for it: my words were as positive as they could well be, without alarming her. I can only think that she forgot what I said to her."

"Did you also warn the woman—Pepperfly?"

"No. I deemed my warning to Mrs. Crane sufficient; and I did not see Mrs. Pepperfly about, when I left the house."

"Do you not think, Mr. Carlyon, it would have been the safer plan, had you put the suspected draught in your pocket?" inquired one of the jury.

"If we could foresee what is about to happen, we should act differently in many ways, all of us," retorted the witness, who seemed cross that his prudence should be reflected on, and who possibly felt vexed at there being any grounds for its being so. "When a calamity has happened, we say 'If I had known, I would have done so-and-so, and prevented it.' You may be sure, sir, that had *I* known there was enough poison in that draught to kill Mrs. Crane, or that she would disregard my injunction, and imbibe it, I *should* have brought it away with me. I have regretted not doing so ever since; but where's the use of regretting? it will not recal her to life."

"Go on, sir," said the coroner.

"I went to the Messrs. Greys. My intention was to see Mr. Stephen, and tell him of the smell the draught bore, and inquire if it was right. But I could not see Mr. Stephen: the assistant, a Mr. Whittaker, I think his name is, said he was out. I considered what to do: and determined to go home, make up a proper composing draught, and bring it down. I was rather longer over this than I thought to be, for I found myself obliged to see a patient in the interim."

"You deemed a composing draught necessary for her yourself, then?"

"Mr. Stephen Grey had deemed so, and we medical men rarely like to call in question another's treatment. But I did think it expedient that she should take a soothing draught, for she appeared to me flushed—rather excited, I should say. I was coming down with the fresh draught in my pocket, when I met the landlady in a wild state of alarm, with the news that Mrs. Crane was dead."

"Were you the first with her after death?"

"I was the first, except the nurse: but I had not been in the room above a minute when the Reverend Mr. Lycett followed me. We found her quite dead."

"And, in your opinion, what was the cause?"

"The taking of prussic acid. There is no doubt about it: there was no mistaking the smell from her mouth."

"Look at this phial, Mr. Carlyon," continued the coroner: "does it bear any resemblance to the one which contained the fatal draught?"

"It appears like it. The directions and handwriting are similar. Oh, yes," he added, as he took out the cork, "it is the same: the smell is in it still."

"Did you observe where the last witness, Pepperfly, put the bottle containing the draught, after you returned it to her? I mean when it was first delivered at the house."

"I cannot tell where she put it. I did not notice."

"You did not touch the bottle again, before you left the house?"

Mr. Carlyon turned sharp round.

"Who called me?" he inquired, in an angry tone.

There had been a deal of talking the last minute at the back of the room, and Mr. Carlyon's name was heard in the discussion, amongst others: but nobody would confess to having called him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Coroner," he said, turning back to resume his evidence, "I certainly thought I was called; and that, whoever it might be, was guilty, considering the time and place, of disrespect to the law. You were inquiring if I touched the phial again before I left the house, after resigning it to Mrs. Pepperfly: I neither touched it, nor knew where it was."

"If the proceedings are interrupted by spectators, I shall order the room cleared," said the coroner, directing his eyes and voice to the part whence the noise had proceeded. "If you want to talk you can go outside."

The coroner glanced over his notes: he had apparently come to an end, or nearly so, of the examination of Mr. Carlyon.

"Before you retire, I must ask you one more question," said he, looking up. "Have you any clue to this mystery? any suspicion of how the poison could have got into the draught?"

Mr. Carlyon remained silent. Was he debating with himself whether he should tell of the face he had seen on the staircase but an hour before the death—the strange, dread face on which the moon was shining? It is certain that that mysterious face had haunted Mr. Carlyon's mind more than was pleasant, both at the time and since. Was he deliberating whether to denounce it now, as something which had no business in the house, and which might have been connected with the mystery? or did he shrink from the ridicule that would attach to him, at confessing to superstitious fears?

"You do not answer," said the coroner, amidst the dead silence of the court.

Mr. Carlyon drew a long breath. His thoughts took a different bent, unconnected with the face.

"I cannot say that I suspect any one," he said, at length. "Neither can I imagine how the poison could have been introduced to the draught except in the making up, seeing that it was not of it when it came to Mrs. Crane's."

After another silence, which the coroner broke.

"Very well: that is I believe all I have to ask you, Mr. Carlyon. And I am sure," he added, "that the jury feel obliged to you for the ready and candid manner in which you have given your evidence."

Mr. Carlyon bowed to the coroner, and was retiring; but the coroner's clerk, who appeared to have certain memoranda before him to which he occasionally referred, whispering something in the ear of the coroner—

"Oh, ay; true," remarked the latter. "A moment yet, Mr. Carlyon. Did you not encounter at Great Wennock, on Sunday evening, the person called Mrs. Smith, who took away this unhappy lady's child?"

"I saw a person there in the waiting-room of the station, who had a very young infant with her. There is little doubt it was the infant in question."

"You had some conversation with her. Did she give any clue as to who the lady was?"

"She gave me none. I did not know what had occurred, and supposed the child to be the offspring of some resident at South Wennock. I told her that the child was too young and feeble to travel with safety, and she replied that necessity had no law, or something to that effect. I was talking with her but a minute or two, and chiefly about the omnibus, which she said had bruised her much, in its reckless jolts over the ruts and stones. That was all."

"Should you know her again?"

"I might; I am not sure. I had no very clear view of her face, for it was dusk."

"Did she say where she was going?"

"No, she did not."

Mr. Carlyon was dismissed, and the coroner once more called upon Betsey Pepperfly, who was handed in.

"Now, Mrs. Pepperfly," he began, "do you mean to repeat to me that the deceased lady made no objection to taking that draught?"

"She didn't make none at all, my Lord Mayor. If she had, why should she have took it? she was missis. Quite the contrary of her objecting, it were; for she asked for it as soon as she'd swallowed her gruel; but I told her she mustn't take one right atop of t'other."

"Mr. Carlyon says he gave her a charge not to touch the draught. And you tell me upon your oath that she took it without making any demur?"

"I tell you so, Mr. Mayor, upon my Bible oath, and I'd take twenty oaths to it, if you liked. But if you and the honorable corporation" (turning to the jury) "don't believe me, why don't you please ask the widow Gould?—From nine o'clock, or a little afore it, the time the missis had her gruel, the widow never were out of the room at all, and she can speak to all that passed, as correct as me. Not that you'll get much out of her," added Mrs. Pepperfly, in a parenthesis, "for she's a shaking, and a twittering, and a sobbing with fright in the next room, lest you should call her in here. She thinks it's like being tried, you see, gentlefolks, and she says she never was had up afore a lord judge and jury in her life, and never stood at a transportation bar."

After this luminous piece of information, Betsey Pepperfly finally retired, and the shaky Mrs. Gould was supported in, attired in the poke bonnet and the plaid shawl she had lent to Judith. To try to convince the widow that she was not about to be arraigned at a criminal bar, was a hopeless task. Her mind, upon the subject of bars in general and courts in particular, presenting a mass of inextricable confusion. She carried some pungent smelling salts, and somebody had thrust into her hand a pint bottle of vinegar, therewith to bedew her handkerchief and her face; but her shaky hand poured so much aside, that the whole room was impregnated with the odor.

"What's your name, ma'am?" asked the coroner, when the business of swearing her had been got over with difficulty.

"Oh, dear gentlemen, do be merciful to me! I'm nothing but a poor widow!" was the sobbing answer.

"Well, what's your name, if you are a widow?" returned the coroner.

"It's Eliza Gould. Oh, goodness, be good to me!"

"Now if you don't just calm yourself, and show a little common sense, perhaps you'll be made to do it," cried the coroner, who was a hot-tempered man. "What are you afraid of? that you are going to be eaten?"

"I never did no wrong to nobody, as I can call to mind—and it's a dreadful disgrace to be brought here, me a lone widow!" hysterically answered Eliza Gould, while the vinegar was dripping from her eyebrows and nose.

"How old are you, ma'am?" snappishly asked the coroner.

"Old?" shrieked Mrs. Gould, "is this a court of that sort of inquiry?"

"It's a court where you must answer what questions are required of you. How old are you, ma'am?"

Mrs. Gould moaned, and brought out in a tone scarcely audible, that she b'lieved she might be as much as forty-two.

The coroner looked at her grey hairs and her wrinkles, and perhaps he was not disinclined for a minute's sport.

"Forty-two," said he, in a loud voice to his clerk; "take it down. You have spoken correctly, ma'am, I hope," he added, turning again to the witness. "This is a court of justice, remember, and you are upon your oath; you would not like to be tried for perjury."

Mrs. Gould sobbed, and shrieked, and moaned, and finally went off into real hysterics. When the bustle was over, the coroner began again

"We have not quite got over the question of age. How old did you say you were?"

"*Must* I tell it?" sobbed Mrs. Gould, in an agony.

"Of course you must. And now, ma'am, take notice that I ask you for the last time; I cannot have the moments of the court wasted in this manner. How old are you?"

"I'm only fifty-six," howled Mrs. Gould, amidst a torrent of tears and vinegar, and a roar of laughter from the room.

"*Down your* pen through forty-two, Mr. Clerk: and now perhaps we can guess to a ness. What do you know regarding the y lady who took your rooms?"

"I don't know nothing of her, except she had a ring on her finger, and therefore must have been married," replied the witness, whose answers in general life had a frequent tendency to veer from the question.

"Do you know where she came from, or why she came, or who her relations might be, or whether she had any?"

"She said Mrs. Fitch sent her to me, and she said her husband was travelling, and she said no more," continued the witness, between her sighs.

"Did she say where he was travelling, or what he was?"

"No, sir. Oh me, I think I shall faint!"

"Perhaps you'll be so complaisant as to wait till your evidence is over, and then faint," suggested the coroner, blandly. "Did she tell you that she purposed making a long stay?"

"She told me she meant to be ill at my house. She made me tell her the names of the doctors at South Wennock, which I did, and I spoke up for the Mr. Greys, as was only neighborly, but she said she should have Mr. Carlyon."

"Did she give any particular reason?"

"She said she had a prejudice against the Greys, through something she'd heard; and she said some friends of hers had recommended Mr. Carlyon. But, sir, I've had it upon my mind, all along, that it was the cabrioily did it."

"The what did it?" exclaimed the coroner, while the jury raised their faces.

"The cabrioily. She got me to describe about the Mr. Greys to her, what they were like; and she got me to describe about Mr. Carlyon, what he was like, and I did, sir, meaning no harm. I said that the Mr. Greys were pleasant gentlemen who contented themselves with a gig; and that Mr. Carlyon was pleasant too, but grand, and had set up his cabrioily. I think that did it, sir, the cabrioily; I think she couldn't resist choosing Mr. Carlyon, after that."

There was a coughing and choking in the room, and the coroner's clerk shook as he took down the evidence. The witness called words after her own fashion of pronunciation, and the stress she laid upon the oil in cabrioily was something new; indeed the word, altogether, was new, in her lips—"cab-ri-oil-ery."

"When she found Mr. Carlyon couldn't come to her, 'cause of being away, she cried," proceeded the witness, "for she said the note she had sent to him engaged him, and she couldn't afford to pay two doctors. But we told her that if Mr. Grey attended for Mr. Carlyon, she'd only have to pay one. And that, or something else, seemed to reconcile her, for she let Mr. Stephen Grey be fetched, after all; and when it was over, she said how glad she was to have had him, and what a nice doctor he was. The oddest part of it all is, that she had no money."

"How do you know she had none?"

"Because, sir, none has been found, and them police gentlemen is keen at searching; nothing escapes 'em. She had the best part of a sovereign in her purse—nineteen and six-pence, they say—but no more. So, how she looked to pay her expenses, her doctor, and her nurse, and me—and Mother Pepperfly a boarding with me at the lady's request, and she don't tuck in a trifle—she best know, and I say as it does look odd."

"You regaled Mrs. Pepperfly with gin," spoke up one of the jury, relaxing from the majesty of his office, "was that to be charged, or was it a spontaneous treat?"

"Oh, dear, good gentlemen, don't, pray, throw it in my teeth," sobbed the widow; "I did happen to have a drop of the vulgar stuff in the house; which it must have been some I got for the workmen when I moved into it, three years ago, and have stopped ever since on the top shelf of my kitchen cupboard, in a cracked bottle. I couldn't touch a drop of gin myself without heaving, gentlemen; my inside would turn against it."

Perhaps Mrs. Gould's eyes likewise turned against it, for they were cast up with the fervor of her assertion till nothing but the whites were visible.

"Ahem!" interrupted the coroner, "you are on your oath;" and Mrs. Gould's eyes came down, with a start, at the words, and her mouth with them. "This is wasting time, ma'am, and we must get on. Can you account for the poison getting into the composing draught sent in by Mr. Grey? Did it get into it after it came into your house?"

The witness was considerably astonished at the question, considerably flustered.

"Why, you don't think I'd go and put it in!" she uttered, subsiding into another fit of sobs.

"I ask you," said the coroner, "as a matter of form, whether there was any one likely to do such a thing, or one of whom you can entertain a suspicion?"

"Of course, gentlemen, if you mean to accuse me and Mrs. Pepperfly of poisoning her by prussic acid, the sooner you do it the better," howled the widow. "We never touched the bottle: as the Greys' boy brought it, so it was given to her. And there was nobody else to touch it—although Mr. Carlyon as good as accused us of having got a whiskered man in the house on the sly!"

The coroner pricked up his ears.

"When was that?"

"The night of the death, sir. He was there when the draught came, was Mr. Carlyon, and when I heard him coming down the stairs to leave, I ran out of the kitchen to open the door for him.

"'Is there a man up stairs?' asked he.

"'A man, sir,' I answered; 'no, sir, what sort of a man?'

"'I thought I saw one hiding on the landing,' said he, 'a man with whiskers.'

"'No, sir,' says I, indignant, 'we don't want no man in this house.'

"'It was my fancy, no doubt,' answered he: 'I thought I'd just mention it, lest any blackguard should have got in.'

"But now, gentlemen," continued the widow, wrathfully, "I just ask you, was there ever such an insinuation put to two respectable females? I can bear out Mother Pepperfly. Mother Pepperfly can bear out me, that had no man in the house, and didn't want one, we'd rather be without 'em. And one with whiskers, too! Thank you for nothing, Mr. Carlyon!"

The words seemed to strike the coroner, and he made a note in the book before him. The remainder of Mrs. Gould's evidence need not be given, it was only connected with points already discussed, and at its conclusion she was permitted to retire to the next room, where she had a prolonged fit of hysterics.

The coroner requested the presence again of Mr. Carlyon, but it was found that Mr. Carlyon had gone. This caused a delay in the proceedings. An officer was despatched for him in haste, and found him at his own home, engaged with a patient. He hurried him up to the court.

"What am I required for?" asked Mr. Carlyon.

"I can't say, sir. The coroner said you were to be produced."

"I thought you had understood, Mr. Carlyon, that it is expedient the witnesses should not depart until the inquiry is over," began the coroner, when he appeared. "Questions sometimes arise which may render it necessary for them to be examined again."

"I beg your pardon," replied Mr. Carlyon: "I had no idea I should be wanted further."

The coroner placed his arms on the table beside him, and leaned towards Mr. Carlyon.

"What is this tale," asked he, "about your having seen a man secreted on the stairs, or landing, on the night of the mur—," the coroner coughed, to drown the word which had all but escaped from him—"on the night of the death?"

A scarlet tinge, born of emotion, flushed into the face of Mr. Carlyon. Were his superstitious feelings going to be hauled out for the benefit of the crowded court?

"Who says I saw one?" inquired he.

"That is not the question," sharply returned the coroner. "Did you see one?"

"No, I did not."

"The last witness, Eliza Gould, testifies that you did—or thought you did."

"The facts are these," said Mr. Carlyon. "As I was leaving the patient, the moonbeams shone into the landing through the staircase window, and for a moment I certainly did think I saw a face—the face of a person gathered against the wall."

"What sort of a face?" interrupted the coroner. "A man's or a woman's?"

"Oh, a man's, decidedly. A pale face, as it appeared to me, with black whiskers. I believe now it was my fancy: it was just a momentary glimpse, or rather idea, and was over directly. Moonbeams, it is well known, play the eye-sight curious tricks and turns. I fetched the patient's light, and examined the landing, but no person was to be seen. Before I had well got down the stairs, a conviction was stealing over me that I had deceived myself, that there had been really nothing there, but I certainly did ask the woman, Gould, when she came to open the door for me, whether or not any strange man was in the house."

"She said No!"

The witness smiled,

"Yes, and was offended, I think, at the supposition."

The coroner mused, and turning to the jury, spoke in a confidential tone.

"You see, gentlemen, had there been really any one concealed upon the stairs, it would be a suspicious point, and one demanding full investigation. That medicine was in the adjoining room, open to the landing, and unprotected by any guard: for the lady in bed could not be supposed to see what took place in the next chamber, and the two women were down stairs. Nothing more easy than for the cork to be abstracted from the wholesome medicine, sent by the Messrs. Grey, and a few deadly drops poured in. Provided, provided, I say, the person so concealed there, had a design to do so."

The jury looked grave, and one of them addressed Mr. Carlyon:

"Can't you take your mind back, sir, with any degree of certainty?"

"There is quite a sufficient degree of certainty in my mind," replied Mr. Carlyon. "I feel convinced, I feel sure, that the face existed but in my fancy. I had gone out from the light room to the dark landing—dark, except for the moonbeams—and—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carlyon," interrupted another juryman, "but the witnesses, Pepperfly and Gould, have deposed that the lady's chamber was in darkness—that the candle was in the sitting-room adjoining."

"Have they? I almost forget. Then in passing through the sitting-room I must have got my eyes in contact with the light, for I know that the landing appeared dark. You are right," added Mr. Carlyon, "I remember now that the candle was in the sitting-room, for it was from thence I fetched it to search the landing."

"Why did you not mention this, witness, when you were first examined?" asked the coroner.

"Mention what, sir? That I fancied I saw a face in the dark, which turned out to be all moonshine?" retorted the witness. "Verily I should be only too glad to mention anything that can bear upon the case, but I might have got laughed at for my pains."

"You attach no importance to it, then?"

"None, whatever. I feel certain that it was but a freak of my own fancy."

"Very well, sir. That will do for the present. Are there any more witnesses to examine?" continued the coroner, addressing the summoning officer.

There were one or two, who gave testimony of no importance, and they appeared to be all. Frederick Grey, who had been an eager listener to the witnesses, then stepped forward.

"Will you allow me to make a statement, sir?"

"If it bears upon the case," replied the coroner. "Does it do so?"

"Yes, it does," warmly replied Frederick, his earnest, honest gray eyes flashing. "There has been a cruel suspicion of carelessness cast to my father, and I destroyed the proofs by which it could have been refuted."

And forthwith he told the story of the head-long wiping of the cobwebbed jar.

"Was any one present when you did this, except you and your father?" asked the coroner.

"Sir, did you not hear me say so? My Uncle John."

"Let Mr. John Grey be called," said the coroner. "Gentlemen," he added, to the jury, "I am going somewhat out of my legal way, in admitting these statements, but I must confess that it does appear to me most improbable that Mr. Stephen Grey, whose high character we all well know, should have been guilty of this fatal carelessness, and I deem it right to hear any evidence that can be brought forward to refute the accusation—especially," he impressively concluded, "after the statement made by Mr. Carlyon, as to the face he saw lurking near the chamber where the draught was placed. I acknowledge, in spite of Mr. Carlyon's stated conviction, that I am by no means convinced that face was not real. It may have been the face of some deadly enemy of the ill-fated young lady, one who may have followed her to South Wennock, and stolen nefariously into the house; and then, his work accomplished, have stolen out again."

"With all due deference, Mr. Coroner, to your superior judgment," interposed a juryman, "the suspicion that the poison may have been introduced to the draught after it was in the widow Gould's house, appears to be disposed of by the fact that it smelt strongly of it when it was first brought—as sworn to by Mr. Carlyon."

"True, true," said the coroner, musingly. "It is involved in much mystery. Stand forward, Mr. Grey. Were you present when your nephew wiped the cobwebs and dust from the jar of hydrocianic acid?"

"I was," replied Mr. John Grey. "My brother Stephen reached down the jar, which he had to do by means of steps, from its usual place, and the dust and cobwebs were much collected on it, the cobwebs being woven over the stoppers, a certain proof that it had not recently been opened—"

"This was after the death had taken place?"

"It was just after it, when we got home from seeing the lady. My brother remarked that it was a proof, or would be a proof—I forget his exact words—that he had not used the hydrocianic acid; and whilst he and I were closely talking, Frederick, unconscious, of course, of the mischief he was doing, took a duster and wiped the jar. I was not in time to stop him; I pointed out what he had done, and how it might tell against his father, and he was overwhelmed with contrition; but the mischief was ever, and could not be remedied."

"You had no other hydrocianic acid in your house, except this?"

"None at all: none whatever."

The coroner turned to the jury.

"If this statement of Mr. John Grey's be correct—and if bears out his nephew's—we must acknowledge that Mr. Stephen could not have put prussic acid into the draught when making it up. He could not, in my opinion."

The jury assented; certainly he could not, if the testimony were correct.

"Well, gentlemen, we know John Grey to be an upright man and a good man—*and he is on his oath before his Maker.*"

Scarcely had the coroner spoken when a strange hullabaloo was heard outside; a noise as of a crowd of people, swarming up to the Red Lion. What was it? what could it be? The news was brought speedily in—that some additional evidence was found.

Everybody rose, everybody was in excitement; it was held that at least Dick the boy had confessed to having been waylaid and bribed, to allow of the poison being put into the draught; or that the body and legs, belonging to the mysterious face, had turned up, and were being marched before the coroner. Nothing of the sort. In the pocket of the dress which the unhappy lady had worn on the Friday, the day of her arrival, had just been found a half sheet of crumpled note paper with some lines of writing on it, and a great blot. The coroner read it out for the information of the jury, and then passed it round to them. It was as follows:—

"13 Palace Street, South Wennock.

"Friday Evening, March 10th, 1848.

"My dearest husband,

"You will be surprised to hear of my journey, and that I am safe at South Wennock. I know you will be angry, but I cannot help it, and we will talk over things when we meet. I have asked the people here about a medical man, and they strongly recommend one of the Messrs. Grey, but I tell them I would prefer Mr. Carlyon; what do you say? I must ask him to come and see me this evening, for the railway omnibus shook me dreadfully, and I feel anything but—"

In that abrupt manner ended the writing. There was nothing more, except the great blot referred to. Whether she had been suddenly interrupted, or whether the accident of the blot caused her to begin a fresh letter, could not be told, and perhaps would now never be known.

But with all the excitement, the noise, and the expectation, it positively threw no light whatever upon the mystery—either the mystery of who she was, of her arrival, or the worse mystery of her death. The coroner sat, smoothing the creased sheet with his fingers, while he thought.

"Call Mr. Carlyon," he suddenly said.

Mr. Carlyon was found in the yard of the inn, talking to some of the many idlers whom the proceedings had gathered together.

"Wanted again!" exclaimed he, when the officer came to him; "I hope the jury will have enough of me."

"There's something fresh come to light, sir."

"Something fresh!" he eagerly repeated. "What is it? Not about the face?" he added, in a dread whisper.

"I don't rightly know what it is, sir. The crowd jammed into the room, so that I couldn't hear."

"Mr. Carlyon, look at this, will you," said the coroner, handing him the note. "Can you tell me if it is in the handwriting of the deceased?"

The surgeon took the note, looked at it, and then clutched it in his hand, and strode to a distant window. There he stood with his back to the room, reading it. He read it twice; he turned it over, and looked at the other side, he turned it back, and read it again. Then he returned to the coroner.

"How can I tell, Mr. Coroner, whether it is in her handwriting or not?"

"You received a note from her; can't you remember what her writing was like?"

Mr. Carlyon shook his head.

"I did not take particular notice of the handwriting. If we had the two together, we might compare them. By the way," he added, "I searched when I got home, and find I did not keep the note. This writing, I fancy, looks not dissimilar to the other; but all ladies write alike, now-a-days."

"Few ladies write so good a hand as this," remarked the coroner, as he took the paper from Mr. Carlyon. "Are you near-sighted, that you went to the window?"

"Not particularly. But the rain makes the room dark, and the evening is drawing on. I thought it was a document of importance, throwing some great elucidation upon the case, hearing that a discovery had come to light."

"Ay," responded one of the jury, "we were all taken in."

There was nothing more to be done. The coroner charged the jury, and he ordered the room cleared, whilst they deliberated. Among the many, filing out, was Judith Ford, who had sat in an obscure corner, an anxious spectator of the proceedings; Judith could not overget the dreadful and mysterious death.

In groups of five, of tens, of twenties, the mob, gentry and draggle-tailed, lounged about, conversing listlessly, and waiting eagerly. Stephen Grey and his brother, Mr. Brooklyn, Mr. Carlyon, and a few more gentlemen, stood together, deeply anxious, it need not be said, for the verdict; whether, or not, it would be manslaughter against Stephen Grey. With a sudden movement the doors were thrown open, and the decree ran like wild-fire amidst the crowd.

"We find that the deceased, whose married name appears to have been Crane, but to whose Christian name we have no clue, came by her death through swallowing prussic acid, mixed in a composing draught; but by whom it was mixed, or whether by mistake, or intentionally, we deem there is not sufficient evidence to show."

So Stephen Grey was yet a free man. His friends pressed up to him, and shook him warmly by the hand. Whilst young Frederick, with a cheek, now white, now crimson, galloped home through the mud, and shut himself in his bedroom, there to hide his thankfulness and his emotion. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Men are in numberless instances qualified for certain things, for no other reason than because they are qualified for nothing else.

☞ To be thought wise, it is for the most part only necessary to seem so: and the noisy demagogue is easily translated, by the popular voice, into the orator and patriot.

☞ "Don't we make very loving jealous, Miss?" "Oh, yes, sir, I think we can, if we put our heads together."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of THE POST,	5,00
Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$8,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty (and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen, or twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is Four Dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

MACAULAY.

Many a shining figure has dropped away during the last twelvemonth, from the great procession. The latest loss is Macaulay.

He was an Englishman by birth, but the wild, red blood of the Scottish mountaineers ran in his veins. He came of good stock. His grandfather and grand uncle were ministers of that dauntless Presbyterian breed which has left its record deep in Scottish life and history. His father was a Quaker merchant; his mother was also of a Quaker family. One can imagine what influences wrought to form the character of the child of such a house and of such ancestors. They gave him his iron bias for the [illegible] ways less a preference than a prejudice, but which everywhere lights his pages with the burning splendors of civil and religious liberty.

He graduated at Cambridge. He studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and was admitted to the bar in 1826. In 1830, when his brilliant essays had already brought him fame, he was elected to Parliament. He also became at this period Secretary to the Board of Control for India. In 1834 he was appointed a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta, and spent his time in India till 1837, when he returned to England, a wealthy man. In 1839 he became Secretary of War; in 1840 M. P. for Edinburgh; in 1846 Paymaster General of the Forces, with a seat in the Cabinet; in 1847, his constituency deserted him on a party issue, and he retired to private life.

Then between 1847 and 1849, came two volumes of his great History of England. In 1849 he was elected Lord Rector of the Glasgow University; in 1850 he received the honor of an appointment to the office of Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy; in 1852 he was returned to Parliament from Edinburgh; in 1853 he received the Prussian Order of Merit; in 1854 and 1855 his published speeches and the third and fourth volumes of his History brought him new fame, and in 1857 he reached the zenith of his success by his elevation to the peerage with the title of Baron Macaulay.

A long and illustrious career. Dying at last, not very old in years (for he was only fifty-nine), but full of honors, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, with the gorgeous ceremonial and majestic rites due to the successful dead.

It is his literary genius and service that give us a freehold in his grave. His fame properly dates from his noble essay on Milton published in 1825. Milton is the very incarnation of civil and religious liberty, and as such Macaulay did him justice against the aspersions of the Tory penmen. In the long succession of essays which followed, Macaulay's immense literary attainments and rhetorical powers, often wrought in aid of just and generous ideas. But as a thinker he had strict limitations. He was essentially a partialist and so failed to estimate justly any many-sided man or epoch. He could never consider man or epoch organically—that is, in Kant's definition of it, as a totality of reciprocal ends and means.—Shakspeare's standpoint was not possible to him. Then, too, he was ridden by his imagination. The conceptions his imagination framed he could never dissolve again. Let him but fuse into form certain circumstances and possibilities, and no plea, no argument, no claim however just, no fact however powerful, had potency to make him remould his conclusions. He was also deficient in insight. All this is shown in his culumniation of William Penn—not necessarily wilful; but his pre-conception was stronger to him than the facts and probabilities were to the rest of the world. So, too, in his incapacity to do justice to the soul of George Fox. Again, in his studied detraction of Lord Bacon in that brilliant but shamefully inaccurate, short-sighted, and entirely hypothetical essay which is the gross side to Pope's lying epigram—the same epigram from which the just and equal Hallam significantly strikes out the epithet "meanest," when he quotes the line. Then, again, the essay on Machiavelli, in which is shown Macaulay's utter inability to appreciate the great Florentine, whom yet Bacon and Leibnitz could honor, and the noble secret of whose works the Austrian despotism read well when it forbade Northern Italy to look upon the portrait of tyranny which those works contain.

The triumph of the imagination in Macaulay's mind, naturally made him a poet in his prose and also in verse. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" are unequalled in the lyric poetry of war. They ring with the brave clang of steel and the tramp of the legions. They are thoroughly Roman in feeling and scenery—as much so as if they were translations from the Latin tongue. His "Battle of Ivry" is another superb specimen of martial romance. The white plume of Henri Quatre in that poem, will burn in the eyes of young men, and dance in the fancy of the old, as long as English poetry endures. His pictures of the grim Roundhead and perfumed Cavalier, in the "Battle of Naseby," are also sure of remembrance.

Of course his greatest work is his History of England—now a fragment. It has the large merit of enabling the reader to realize the life of the times it describes, for the scenes and events are presented dramatically—as it were, to the eye. But it is not Bacon, nor yet Clarendon. It has no majesty of judgment, no final verdict on men or things, no words of fate. It is English history told by a partisan—told with surpassing grace and skill, with circumstantial minuteness, with fervent and exquisite rhetoric, with eloquence that always excites the admiration and often kindles the mind—but it is never judicial, and the tones that please or thrill us are always the tones of the political partisan. Hence it may often instruct, but it can never be absolutely relied on. We read it, as a juryman hears the speech of the advocate, abating the statement, suspecting the wit, afraid of the rhetoric, expecting to be juggled with, for we know that there is a case to be made out, rather than a truth to be shown. Yet its merits are great. No such minute and exhaustive research ever before went to the preparation of English history. Nor was there ever before brought into requisition such a power of presentation—of men in their habits as they lived—of events in their glow, and rush, and stir—of all the machinery of national life in its complex motion, and of all the human passions in their strange and many-colored play.

So passes Macaulay, leaving behind him his books, the potent children of his brain, never more living than now. The great historians of the time have almost all gone before him. Our own gentle Irving, the brilliant Prescott, the impartial Hallam, and now Macaulay.—With us, Motley, Bancroft, and the deep-eyed Hildreth remain. Alison, the annalist, has just finished his work, but not his career. Of all English historians, there is only left Froude, the student of a single epoch, and Buckle.

MR. OWEN'S BOOK

We give a number of extracts in [illegible] bert Dale Owen's remarkable book this [illegible] The reader will be struck with the weight of evidence by which some of these stories are supported. In several cases, they are matters of the last few years—the parties are living—and the alleged facts, therefore, can be thoroughly sifted. That story of the Old Kent Manor House, especially, seems to be based upon the strongest kind of evidence. And then that fearful account for whose verity Mrs. Hall, the well-known authoress, is responsible. And William Howitt's story—relative to his own mother and uncle. As to the Livonian teacher story, we wonder that Mr. Owen did not take measures at once to test its truthfulness. It also was a thing "not done in a corner." Why trust entirely to the assertion of Miss Guldenstubbe when the certificates of the proprietors and other teachers of the school could be so readily procured?

These stories certainly are very curious, and—if their force is not weakened by the criticisms and explanations which their publication may bring forth—will go far to settle the question of the reality of "spiritual" appearances. For our own part, we see nothing unreasonable in supposing that such things have been, while the testimony of the Scriptures is as explicit upon this subject as upon any other. But while we see nothing unreasonable or unscriptural in supposing that angels and disembodied spirits have appeared to mortal eyes, we have always had an objection to their invocation. Such invocations, whether under the name of necromancy or of witchcraft, always have been condemned by the wisest and best in every age of the world; and Revelation stamps them with the seal of reprobation. If the appearance of spirits is necessary for any good purposes, it will be, as we hold, commanded or permitted. But we do not believe that any effort of our own will, to obtain communication with the denizens of the spiritual world, can end in anything else—if it succeed at all—than in bringing us in correspondence with a class of beings who will come soon enough without any very urgent solicitation, and whom a man who values his peace of mind would do best to avoid.

THE PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—A subscriber at Avondale, Chester county, writes that the railroad will be finished to that place in a few weeks—and gives us an invitation to make an excursion in that direction next summer. It would please us hugely, as we have "lots" of friends in Chester county. But—next summer! who can tell where he may be next summer? Rome, Africa, the Moon! or, perhaps, according to Mr. Owen, disturbing delinquent subscribers in their beds, "rapping" round.

ARSENIC.—We do not know how the £2,000 bequest of Dr. Franklin, which was to be loaned to the young men of Philadelphia and Boston, stands at present. Who does?

We believe that Registers of the Weather are always wanted by Lieutenant Maury, at Washington. Our Indiana friend had better write to the Lieutenant about it.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 153—Adults 90, and children 103.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

J. E. M., of Auburn, Ind., writes:—

My Speaking Likeness came by this day's mail, and it is with pleasure I acknowledge its receipt. It is really very beautiful, even more so than I had been led to suppose, although earlier recipients have not been sparing of their encomiums. * * * * Last year the ——— was taken so much in this vicinity, that the Postmaster did not succeed in getting up a club for The Post. This time a goodly number of signers have already been found, and I do not think it will be long before your paper occupies its old and rightful position as favorite, while the ——— mania will subside as it rose.

Mr. R. B., of Washington, Pa., writes:—

"The Speaking Likeness" has been duly received, and I have only to say that I am indeed highly pleased with it. Enclosed find $1,00, for which please send to my address the two engravings of "Niagara Falls." Should they prove equal in beauty to the picture already received, I shall be fully satisfied.

E. S. writes:—

My thanks to you for the beautiful engraving of "The Speaking Likeness."

Mr. T. C. P., of Lewisburg, Va., writes:—

Your first paper brought welcome information to me on the subject of "Ice Houses," which will prove alone of more value to me than the cost of the paper, as I was having one filled for the first time, and it would have proved lost labor.

Mrs. C. F. C., of De Witt, Iowa, writes:—

The five papers and Speaking Likenesses have come and my two Niagara pictures. *We are delighted with them, are agreeably disappointed in them, as they are much nicer than we expected.*

Mr. C. M., of Winterpoch P. O., Virginia, writes:—

I find no paper suit me better than yours, and I therefore recommence taking it.

Mr. J. H. C., of Claverack, N. Y., writes:—

Your engravings of Niagara and Speaking Likeness came safely to hand. *They more than meet my expectations.*

Gas Regulators.—Mr. John H. Cooper, of this city, writes us that his "Patent Lever" Gas Regulator, by causing an even flow of gas, will effect a saving in gas of from 15 to 30 per cent. Never having used a "Gas Regulator" of any kind, we cannot express an opinion upon the subject. We would advise our readers to try the plan recommended by us last week, before trying anything else. Whenever they hear that the "gas man" has been around, let them go to their meters and see whether he has been filling them with water above the proper level. If a fair proportion of our citizens will pursue this policy for a while, they will probably shame the aforesaid "gas men" out of their unfairness. We should like to hear from our city readers, in case they find upon an examination of their meters that they have been filled too full.

—— Apropos to this subject, we may relate an anecdote. A gentleman largely engaged in the manufacture of gas fixtures in this city, gave us, a year or two ago, a fact in his experience. Going home one evening, he found that his gas would not burn. In answer to his inquiries, he was told that the "gas men" had been down in the cellar that day—and, suspecting something wrong, he went down to the metre to take a look at it. After turning off the gas, unscrewing the bottom screw, &c., he unscrewed the side screw—when lo, the water poured from it so steadily and long, that, as he declared to us, he really thought the "gas men" must have had the metre detached, and then made the mistake of attaching the water pipe, instead of the gas one, when putting it up again. He found, however, upon examination, that all was right—and, in a short time afterwards, the water began to decrease, and finally was brought down to the proper level. Replacing the screws, and turning on the gas, it burned well enough—proving that the metre had been filled so full of water that it would not even allow a flow of gas through it!

English Sentiment.—Have our readers any idea of the manner in which the war of the American Revolution is now regarded in England? A quotation from a recent criticism in the *London Athenæum* may serve to show them. The *Athenæum* is not particularly well disposed to the United States, and is rather what some would call of the "old fogy" order, and yet it says, speaking of two recent American books:—

These stories are on the same subject—the great historical epoch of America, the War of Independence—*a war which unites the sympathies of all nations, and one of the few events about which the judgment of all parties and politics is pretty unanimous. We suppose at this time of day there is not a human being who does not heartily rejoice that the "Old Dominion"* (England, of course, is here meant) *had the worst of it.* Nobody sympathizes with the English in that war any more than if they were Chinese, of whom somebody said that no one would sacrifice the tip of his little finger to save the whole nation from destruction. American writers who take the War of Independence for their subject have a fine field and plenty of favor; and it is no fault of the reader if the author does not succeed in interesting him.

The reading of a paragraph like the above, may do something to cure the anglo-phobia, which too many Americans are even yet possessed with. As John Bull fairly gives up the right of the matter—and owns frankly and honestly that he was all wrong—we are bound in equal manliness, we think, to "let bygones be bygones," and bear no malice.

French Annual Ball.—We are indebted to the Committee of Arrangements, for tickets to the Thirteenth Annual Ball of The French Benevolent Society, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Tuesday evening of this week. At the time we write this, the Ball has not come off; but it doubtless will be this year, as it has always been, one of the most elegant and fashionable of the season. The natives and descendants of "sunny France" know just how an affair of this kind should be managed, so that general harmony and enjoyment shall prevail—everybody be pleased with everybody—and all go

"Merry as a marriage bell."

Success to the French Benevolent Society, and may its funds always be ample, and never be needed.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

In the Narrative of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and His Companions, by Captain M'Clintock, of the Royal Navy, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) we have the wondrous tale of one of those heroic quests which are among the glories of the nineteenth century. The touching story of Lady Franklin's devotion, we all know by heart. When quest after quest had failed, and Government abandoned the search as hopeless, Lady Franklin took up the adventure. Five-and-twenty British hearts-of-oak, with the gallant M'Clintock at their head, volunteered to man the steam-yacht, purchased for the enterprise by the brave, devoted, high-souled, sweet-hearted English wife. The result of their perilous voyage, we already briefly know. The painful riddle of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew was solved. In this volume we have the full statement, and also the thrilling story of the adventures of M'Clintock and his men among the wonders and dangers of those dreadful and tremendous winter seas. It is a book whose intense reality and attractive power, few novels even, can rival—a book which will dim many an eye, make many a heart swell, revive the daring dreams of youth in the spirits of the old, and thrill with heroic yearnings the blood of the young, as they read it around the winter fire. Dr. Kane's fame is wide among us—but all that he did M'Clintock did also, and the brave Englishman only needs a biographer to establish him as an equal hero by the side of the brave American.

We have a real plum for our readers, and an unexpected pleasure. The plum is a volume of delicious poetry by Miss Muloch, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." The unexpected pleasure is to be able to tell them that Miss Muloch is the author of a number of exquisite poems, now collected in this volume, which have been singing themselves in their minds and ours for the last ten years, more or less, and the author of which no one knew!—Here is one of them:—how many a dove-eyed mother has murmured it to her babe!—and yet it is written by a woman whose children are all dream-children!

PHILIP MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
  Philip my king,
Round whom the coshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities;
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
  Philip my king.

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
  Philip my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And some gentle heart's bars undoing
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
  Philip my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth—up to thy brow,
  Philip my king!
[illegible]
May rise like a giant and make men bow
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers;
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer
Let me behold thee in future years;
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
  Philip my king.

—A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
  Philip my king,
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel, and cold and grey:
Rebels within thee and foes without,
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch; till angels shout
As thou sit'st at the feet of God victorious,
  "Philip the king!"

Many a poet might give his crown and singing robes, to be the author of "Philip My King!" Here is another favorite—a ballad with pictures steeped in sultry summershine, and with a mournful baritone music exquisitely expressive of the rich sorrow of the sentiment:—

FOUR YEARS.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Said I, mournfully—My life is at its prime,
Yet bare lie my meadows, shorn before the time,
In my scorched woodlands the leaves are turning brown.
It is the hot midsummer, and the hay is down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Stood she by the streamlet, young and very fair,
With the first white bindweed twisted in her hair—
Hair that drooped like birch-boughs—all in her simple gown.
For it was midsummer—and the hay was down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast;
Low piled the thunder clouds had drifted to the west—
Red-eyed out glared the sun, like knight from leaguered town,
That eve in high midsummer, when the hay was down.

It is midsummer—all the hay is down;
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,
Praying, "God shield thee till we meet in Paradise!"
Bless her in Love's name who was my brief life's crown—
And I go at midsummer, when the hay is down.

Here is the boat-song we are all going to sing in summer-twilights—we in Philadelphia as we float with the current down the silver waters of the Schuylkill—or you not in Philadelphia, as you drift on the river you love best.

IN OUR BOAT.

Stars trembling o'er us and sunset before us,
Mountains in shadow and forests asleep;
Down the dim river we float on for ever,
  Speak not, ah breathe not—there's peace on the deep.
Come not, pale Sorrow, flee till to-morrow,
Rest softly falling o'er eyelids that weep;
While down the river we float on for ever,
  Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.
As the waves cover the depths we glide over,
So let the past in forgetfulness sleep,
While down the river we float on for ever,
  Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.
Heaven shine above us, bless all that love us,
All whom we love in thy tenderness keep!
While down the river we float on for ever,
  Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

In the following we have the fond thought, the fond desire, the luxurious satisfaction of the lover. It is a ballad of the love that asks—not content in simple giving; but how fervent and joyful its beauty!

PLIGHTED.

Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty!
Mine, all mine, and for love, not duty:
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake—as mine to thee.
  Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
  Just as he pleases—just as he pleases.

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden:
Give to a few friends hand or smile,
Like a generous lady, now and awhile,
  But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore;
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
  The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubts or terrors,
With all thy goodnesses, all thy errors,
Unto me and to me alone revealed,
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."
  Many may praise thee—praise mine as thine,
Many may love thee—I'll love them too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
  Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine.

Mine!—God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given
Something all mine on this side heaven:
Something as much myself to be
As this my soul which I lift to Thee;
  Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Life of my life, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world for the world's work's sake—
  But each unto each, as in Thy sight, *one*.

Two more, and then, lest we should quote the whole volume, we will stop.

Here is the first:

AT EVEN-TIDE.

C. N.—Died, April, 1857.

What spirit is it that doth pervade
  The silence of this empty room?
And as I lift my eyes, what shade
  Glides off and vanishes in gloom?

I could believe this moment gone,
  A known form fill'd that vacant chair,
That those kind eyes upon me shone
  I never shall see anywhere!

The living are so far away:
  But *thou*—thou seemest strangely near;
Knowest all my silent heart would say,
  Its peace, its pain, its hope, its fear.

And from thy calm supernal height,
  And wondrous wisdom newly won,
Smilest on all our poor delight,
  And petty woe beneath the sun.

From all this coil thou hast slipped away,
  As softly as a cloud departs
Along the hill-side purple grey—
  Into the heaven of patient hearts.

Nothing here suffer'd, nothing miss'd,
  Will ever stir from its repose
The death-smile on her lips unkiss'd,
  Who all things loves and all things knows.

And I, who, ignorant and weak,
  Of love so helpless—quick to pain,
With restless longing ever seek
  The unattainable in vain—

Find it strange comfort thus to sit
  While the loud world unheeded rolls,
And clasp, ere yet the fancy flit,
  A friend's hand from the land of souls.

The heart must be dull and cold that cannot feel the solemn and peaceful beauty of this poem. Here is another, long familiar, but ever beautiful. We are almost tempted to think it the noblest strain in the volume. It should be set to music. A modification of the mournful melody to which Moore has put the words of "The Last Rose of Summer," is the only air we know that would fitly express its passionate and noble pathos.

TOO LATE.

"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
  In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
  I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
  My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
  Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
  I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
  Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Who loves that not, understands it not! In many of these poems, as in most of those we have quoted, there is a quality which makes one think of a low and tender twilight voice, singing at twilight the old Scotch and Irish airs we all know and love. But there are many other poems in the volume set to different moods, as the reader will find. The wonder is that Miss Muloch has kept such a treasure by her for all these years, and never thought it worthy of preservation in book form. There are plenty of people who will declare these hundred poems equal to anything Miss Muloch has written. At least, we think them so. Let the readers of "John Halifax" get the volume and judge. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, are the publishers.)

LETTER FROM PARIS.

The Clouds Clearing—Christmas in Paris—Confectionery Extraordinary—A Startling Theory—A Chinaman's Opinion—Constitution-Mongering—A Pathetic Story.

Paris, Dec. 29, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The "event" of the past week is the new pamphlet, entitled "The Pope and the Congress," which people are now busy discussing from one end of Europe to the other. This anonymous production, supposed to be from the pen of M. de la Guerronière, is also supposed to convey the sentiments of the Emperor, whose *porte plume* this able and brilliant writer is known to be. The proposition to relieve the Head of the Catholic Church of the perils and unpopularities attached to temporal sway, by restricting the "patrimony of St. Peter" to Rome and its suburbs, though viewed with favor by moderate and liberal Catholics, is rousing a vast deal of wrath on the part of those who do not come under that denomination. The full admission of the vices of the Papal *regime*, and the acceptance of the separation from the Court of Rome already effected by the people of the Romagna, set forth in this remarkable pamphlet, are regarded here as positively indicating the views of the Emperor on the question of the temporal power of the Head of the Catholic Church; while the statement, so plainly made, that the Emperor has done all he could to effect a reconciliation between the ex-Dukes and the people of Central Italy, that he has failed, and that he can neither force the Italians to take back their former Princes, nor allow Austria to do so, is regarded as equally significant of the policy the Emperor is about to sustain in the Congress.—The publication of this pamphlet is regarded not only as of the most hopeful augury for Italy, but also as showing that the Emperor is fully determined to maintain intact his former friendly relations with England. That he has wavered in his determination to maintain the English alliance, is strenuously affirmed by his enemies, and as strenuously denied by his friends; but, however this may be, all parties appear to be now agreed that his intentions are settled, for the present, at any rate, and that we may look for a speedy and amicable settlement of all points at present in abeyance between the two countries on whose continued good understanding depends the present peace of Europe.

The approach of the New Year is therefore looked to in this part of our little planet, with vastly more hopefulness than was the case some three weeks ago; and we may hope that the almost universal stagnation now paralyzing almost every branch of industry and commerce, will ere long give way to a renewal of the activity which is so necessary to the commonweal of the world.

Meantime Christmas has been celebrated here, as usual, with the Midnight Masses that constitute so peculiar a feature of the time in Catholic countries. The fashionable churches of this brilliant capital have surpassed themselves on this occasion; the Madeline, St. Roch, St. Eustache, and others, having secured the services of the best instrumentists and vocalists to be found here, and giving the most exquisite music from midnight till three or four o'clock in the morning. It is said that this Midnight Mass has never before been celebrated in this city with such wealth of harmonious strains as gratified the ears of pious amateurs at the above-named churches between Saturday and Sunday morning last.

Christmas being kept here altogether as a religious festival, mere worldly rejoicings are reserved for New Year's Day. The shops have been later than usual in preparing for the famous gift season; but are now coming out in fine style. The ugly rows of booths that deform the Boulevards for a fortnight in honor of the New Year, are also beginning to spring up, to the annoyance of everybody but their owners, and the children of the capital.

No less than 1,300,000 pounds of confectionery are sold in this city at every return of New Year! As to the "loads" of visiting-cards exchanged on this occasion by aid of the Post-office, such is their weight that not only are a great number of extra postmen employed for a fortnight to deliver them, but regulations are published in the public prints, by the Post-office authorities, specifying how they are to be sent, how stamped, when they are to be mailed, and after what delay they will be delivered.

The intense frost of a week ago, disagreeable as it was, would have been more favorable to shopping than the soaking rains from which we are suffering at present; and the [illegible] of mud now filling the streets of Paris should not subside before long, the New Year's sales will certainly suffer.

The Fair that was got up last week by the Americans here, in aid of the new American Chapel, seems to have gone off very well. The rooms in which it was held were handsomely decorated, and all the prettiest American ladies now here gave their aid as saleswomen. A "Surprise," a "Post-office," and other ingenious devices for quickening the migratory faculties of gold and silver coin, added to the amusement of the visitors; the stalls were covered with a profusion of costly and tasteful articles, and there was a raffle for an enormous Twelfth-night cake, into which a munificent American had thrust a ring worth $25. I learn from one of the fair saleswomen that the affair proved very successful, $12,000 having been cleared during the three days of the Bazaar. It is announced that Mr. Spurgeon, the famous preacher, is coming here shortly from London, to give the aid of his popularity to the new Chapel. Being engaged for every Sunday during the next two years, this indefatigable holder-forth, respecting whom opinions are so widely opposed, will only be able, it is said, to give three week-days to the gratification of the curiosity of those who are awaiting the opportunity of hearing him in this city.

The violent and persistent rains which are interfering so seriously with the enjoyment by the children of the English and Americans here, of the Christmas parties,—with trees, dances, &c.—which are being got up for them in unusual numbers this season, remind me of the very unpleasant theory on the subject of Deluges, just put forth by Lieut. Julien, a distinguished officer of the French navy, in a remarkable work entitled "Currents and Revolutions of the Atmosphere of the Sea." The author details at length Lieut. Maury's magnificent theory of currents and winds, by which he explains meteorological phenomena; and next, after a careful examination of the laws resulting from the relation of the isothermal lines, and the unequal distribution of heat in the northern and southern hemispheres, very logically deduces from these well-known facts, a theory, according to which, not only must the entire northern hemisphere have been under water some ten thousand five hundred years ago, but must be destined to a fresh submersion about ten thousand five hundred years hence. According to this writer, the northern and southern hemispheres, owing to the alternate increase of weight by the ice at each pole, are always alternately rising from the ocean, and dipping into it; each of these Diluvian cycles occupying a period of 21,000 years. To follow the reasoning of Lieut. Julien in this curious work would lead me too far. I can only notice the use he makes of the phenomenon called *the procession of the equinoxes*, in support of his theory. In virtue of this progression, the first point of Aries recedes upon the ecliptic about 50 seconds each year. This gradually causes a complete change in the seasons, and, counting from any given time, there must elapse 21,000 years before the seasons can return at precisely the same period of the year. It has been ascertained that up to the year 1248 of the Christian era, a year in which the first day of winter coincided precisely with the earth's passage through its perihelion, the temperature of the Southern hemisphere has been in constant course of diminution. It is, moreover, clear that after the lapse of 10,500 years the seasons on our globe must be entirely reversed. Hence, about 10,500 years before the year 1248, or 11,000 years before our present time, it was the north pole, and not its opposite one, which was in its maximum of refrigeration; our present continents were then submerged, according to the Mosaic tradition of the Deluge, and there were continents unknown to us in the southern hemisphere. And again, by the action of the same natural laws, 10,500 years after the last cataclysm, a new one will occur, which will again submerge the northern hemisphere, and allow a new world to emerge from the ocean in the southern one. Such is the theory of M. Julien, which seems to be regarded by scientific authorities as having weighty arguments in its favor. If it prove to be true, the proverbial instability of mundane affairs will hardly be lessened in the eyes of the generations of the hemisphere which has so long looked on itself as so much more favored than the desolate, ocean-covered South; and the long lines of ancestry so complacently reckoned up by the Welsh, the Milesians, and the Chinese, will perhaps cease to create so much pride in the minds of those who boast of these interminable genealogies!

As for the Chinese, the children of that "Flowery Land" seem decidedly to be entering on a period of migration. Formerly, such a creature as a "Celestial" was unknown, except by travellers, to all Europe, and Europe was equally unknown to him. Now, we have glimpses of their yellow skins and pendant tails, that promise to become more frequent every year. Oddly enough, the fossil representative of monarchical dogmas, the *Gazette de France*—which is, by the way, the oldest journal in this country, and now in its 229th year—has just engaged a learned Chinese, now in Paris, to furnish a weekly letter for its columns, giving that gentleman's views on the events that may occur in his native land. In his first letter, the learned Asiatic tells his readers who he is, according to the custom of Chinese writers, and states that, having exchanged lessons with a young Frenchman at Nankin, he determined to cross the ocean, and come here to study the civilization of the West. He next declares his belief that Paris is the centre of European civilization, the heart and brain whence are derived all the pulsations that occupy and agitate the people of Europe, and adds that France is the China of Europe, and that he has perceived with true pleasure that the French have a tendency to become Chinese in many things. He then proceeds to notice that in many other things, the French and Chinese differ, as in regard to authority, which the Chinese adore, and the French abhor. The Chinese, he says, are even more revolutionary than France; but that the Chinese always accomplish their revolutions without interfering with their institutions, whereas the French overturn everything; also, that the latter never know in the morning, what *political event may happen before night, while* the Chinese always know just where they stand, and what their Government is about to do. "In Europe," he concludes, "you live from day to day—in China our political existence dates by centuries."

The instability of public affairs in this country, during the last seventy years, has given to France, no less than seventeen forms of government in that period, all differing in origin and aim. Louis XV. and the Assemblies, (May 5th, 1789, to Aug. 10th, 1792.) The Convention, with its revolutions and incessant changes, (Sept. 24th, 1792, to Oct. 5th, 1795.) The Directory, (Oct. 5th, 1795, to Nov. 7th, 1799.) The Consulate for a limited period, (Dec. 24th, 1799, to Aug. 2nd, 1802.) The Consulate for life, (Aug. 2nd, 1802, to May 18th, 1804.) The Empire, (May 18th, 1804, to April 2nd, 1814. The Restoration, (April 24th, 1814, to March 20th, 1815.) The Empire, March 27th, to June 22nd, 1815. The Restoration, (July 8th, 1815, to Aug. 1830.) The Government of July, (Aug. 9th, 1830, to Feb. 24th, 1848.) The Republic, (Feb. 26th, 1848, to Dec. 2nd, 1851.) The Presidency for ten years, (Dec. 20th—21st, 1851, to Dec. 9th, 1852.) The Empire, (Dec. 9th, 1852.) During this period of seventy years, there have been promulgated 12 Constitutions, which have had in France, for a longer or shorter period, the force of fundamental law. The Constitution of Sept. 14th, 1799; Constitution of June, 24th, 1793; Constitution of the 5th Fructidor, year III.; Constitution of 22nd Frimaire, year VIII.; Senatus-Consultum of 16th Thermidor, year X.; Decree of the Senate of 28th Floreal, year XII.; The Charter of 1814; The Additional Act of 1815; The Republican Constitution of 1848; The Constitution put forth by the President of the 14th—22nd Jan., 1852; The same Constitution modified by the Senatus-Consults of Nov. 7th, 1852, and the plebiscit of January 21st—22nd, 1852. In both these catalogues several ephemeral changes have been omitted; and it is therefore evident that the Chinaman alluded to above, is not far out in his estimate of the French, when he gives it as his opinion that they are "given to making revolutions."

But I must rein in my pen at once, or I shall leave myself no room for the heart-rending story of a gay lady's embarrassments, and the downfall of several blooming masculine hope-bushes, for which I could not find space in my last letter.

Be it known, then, to all sympathizing readers, that one of the reigning belles of the present season is a charming young Neapolitan widow, the Marchesa G———, who has been turning the heads of all the unmarried men admitted to the honor of her society. The fair widow is rich, graceful, accomplished, and handsome enough to make her way, even without any of the extraneous advantages just enumerated. Like Penelope, the handsome Neopolitan is surrounded by suitors; all desperately anxious to exchange their liberty for her white hand and the gold it holds, but the widow has been deaf to the voices of the charmers, and has hitherto driven all her knights to despair.

It appears, however, that up to about three weeks ago, there were three of these adorers for whom the fair Italian was believed to entertain a degree of regard that placed them in a category apart from the five hundred ordinary aspirants whom she receives at her regular weekly soirees, in a blaze of lustres, and *en grande toilette*, in her gilded saloon. These three privileged mortals, all of high rank, tolerably well off in point of fortune, handsome and assiduous, were admitted to penetrate the perfumed sanctuary of the delicious boudoir, hung with *moire* silk, into which no other masculine feet had been allowed to enter; and besides being graciously allowed to pay their homage every evening to the divinity of the place, they were invited to delicious little dinners, and were permitted to accompany her carriage on horseback, when she drove to the Bois de Boulogne. The three being always received together, Scandal could not find a word to say: and the rivals being perfectly well-bred, while mutually watching, counterbalancing, and endeavoring in a gentlemanly way, to undermine one another, remained on the best possible terms with each other, and with the object of their common devotion.

One of these favored mortals is a diplomatist, of fair complexion, and adorned with a dozen stars and crosses; the second is a General, boasting thirty quarters in his coat-of-arms; the third is a Genoese, who counts half a score of doges among his ancestors, and is now, as they were in their time, one of the "merchant princes" of Italy, and might sing at his lady's feet, like Gelsomine in the ballad,

"One's full, oh, Love, of gold;
And one of pearls untold;
And one to sail with thee upon the sea."

No others were ever inscribed on the ivory tablets of the handsome Marchesa, at the balls of which she is one of the most brilliant ornaments; so that they had a complete, though joint monopoly of the polkas, waltzes and redowas which she takes part in with equal grace and spirit. She divided her smiles impartially among the three, accepting with equal impartiality their compliments and their bouquets, and carrying with her, to the ball or party of the evening, the flowers of each adorer in regular succession. Which was the happy one towards whom her heart inclined?

Insidious and now superfluous question!

Cupid, who contrives to espy everything, despite his bandage, no doubt saw which admirer she would have ultimately preferred, provided things had followed their natural course; but up to the period already referred to, it is pretty certain that the fair lady's preference was still undecided. Either would have seemed an eligible and charming husband, could she but have taken him without rejecting the two others; but how could she reject such agreeable and advantageous suitors as the two others? The handsome widow has often hesitated for several successive mornings, between three cachemires, three satins, three handkerchiefs of Valenciennes, Malines, and Point d' Alençon; might she not well hesitate in the choice of a husband?

One evening, one fatal evening, about a fortnight ago, the three cavaliers had shown themselves even more witty, more devoted, *and more generally charming* than *ever*, and the Marchesa, it is to be supposed, felt even more than usually undecided as to their relative eligibility, when they had taken their departure.

While she sat beside her blazing fire, meditating on this knotty point, a servant entered, and informed her that an elegant English overcoat had been left in the vestibule. As it had evidently been left by one of the three adorers, the widow inserted the tips of her delicate digits into the pockets of this fashionable looking garment, in search of the card-case which should furnish the necessary clue to the identity of its owner. No card-case, however, was to be found: the pockets were all empty, except one, in which was a small box, containing three false teeth and a letter; the contents of this letter being as follows:

"Mathurine—

"I adore you as much as ever; when, oh, plumpest and freshest of pretty cooks, will you consent to accept my heart? As you will have no dishes to wash this evening, I shall certainly look in upon you. By the by, who was that young soldier who was helping you to clean the salmon two or three days ago? Your devoted lover."

The accusing document bore no other signature.

The fair Marchesa examined the false teeth, and read this letter, with silent but concentrated indignation. One of her three adorers sports artificial molars, and pays his addresses to cooks.

Neither of the three has laid claim to the overcoat; on the contrary, all three energetically deny any right of ownership in the accusing garment. How is the guilty one to be discovered?

All three, meantime, have had the "shine" most effectually taken out of them, and the Marchesa sees them only as the prosaic wearers of false teeth, and the admirers of kitchen-maids. It is tolerably certain that she will accord her hand to neither; and the three are thus passing their Christmas in regretting the hopes so suddenly overthrown.—The Marchesa is looking more bewitching than ever, as it would not *do for* her to admit that she feels any regret at being obliged to dismiss the possible wearers of false teeth, and amateurs of "Mathurines." It is even thought that a Hungarian magnate, who formerly seemed to have no chance whatever, may not improbably succeed in obtaining the favor of the fair Italian.

QUANTUM.

Later from California.—California intelligence to the 30th ult., by overland mail and telegraph, is received. The absorbing question in California is the approaching election of U. S. Senator by the State Legislature. Gov. Weller and Gen. Denver both Democrats, were the leading candidates. The Legislature would convene at Sacramento on the 2d inst., and the Governor elect, Mr. Latham, be inaugurated on the 9th of this month. The political complexion of the Legislature is as follows:—Democrats 93; anti Lecomptonites 8; Republicans 3; and old-line Whigs 1. The snow on the mountains about Carson Valley is from 3 to 5 feet deep. All mining operations were suspended in that region, and the inhabitants were in great distress on account of the cold and the scarcity of the necessities of life. The Indians in Honey Lake valley were dying from cold and starvation. Stock, too, was starving in great numbers in the valley.

LIFE-DREAMINGS.

I hear no more the fairy bugles blow,
The stars are dim,
I hear no more, at the sea's ebb and flow,
The seamaid's hymn.

With lowly heart, and meek, and thoughts I stand,
A dreamer vain;
But ah! that vision of the morning land
Returns again.

I dreamed it once, perchance as childhood dreams,
When life began;
I dream it now, nor think it less beseems
The time-taught man.

I cannot tell if I shall find it true
In worlds afar,
If I shall win in that o'erhanging blue
My regal star.

But still the heart a far-off glory sees,
Strange music hears;
A something not of earth still haunts the breeze,
The sun and spheres.

Still, still I clasp my hands, still look and pine,
Still weep and pray;
Still, still am followed by a voice divine
And far away.

What mean these yearnings, these mysterious sighs,
This hope like fear,
This feeling in the dark, these sudden cries,
When none are near?

All things that be, all love, all thought, all joy,
Sky, cloud and star,
Spell-bind the man, as once the growing boy,
And point afar;—

Point to some world of endless, endless truth,
Delight and power,
And thus comes back the grand old dream of youth,
The bird and bower.

FOOTFALLS
ON THE
BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

From Mr. Robert Dale Owen's book with the above title, just published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, we extract several of the most remarkable and apparently well authenticated accounts, as follows:

THE FOURTEENTH OF NOVEMBER.

For the following narrative (says Mr. Owen) I am indebted to the kindness of London friends; and though, in accordance with the wishes of the family, some of the names are initialized only, they are all known to myself. Of the good faith of the narrators there cannot be a doubt.

In the month of September, 1857, Captain G——— W———, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, went out to India to join his regiment.

His wife remained in England, residing at Cambridge. On the night between the 14th and 15th of November, 1857, toward morning, she *dreamed that she saw her husband*, looking anxious and ill—upon which, she immediately awoke, much agitated. It was bright moonlight; and, looking up, she perceived the same figure standing by her bedside. He appeared in his uniform, the hands pressed across the breast, the hair disheveled, the face very pale. His large dark eyes were fixed full upon her; their expression was that of great excitement, and there was a peculiar contraction of the mouth, habitual to him when agitated. She saw him, even to each minute particular of his dress, as distinctly as she had ever done in her life; and she remembers to have noticed between his hands the white of the shirt-bosom, unstained, however, with blood. The figure seemed to bend forward, as if in pain, and to make an effort to speak; but there was no sound. It remained visible, the wife thinks, as long as a minute, and then disappeared.

Her first idea was to ascertain if she was actually awake. She rubbed her eyes with the sheet, and felt that the touch was real. Her little nephew was in bed with her: she bent over the sleeping child and listened to its breathing; the sound was distinct; and she became convinced that what she had seen was no dream. It need hardly be added that she did not again go to sleep that night.

Next morning she related all this to her mother, expressing her conviction, though she had noticed no marks of blood on his dress, that Captain W——— was either killed or grievously wounded. So fully impressed was she with the reality of that apparition that she thenceforth refused all invitations. A young friend urged her, soon afterward, to go with her to a fashionable concert, reminding her that she had received from Malta, sent by her husband, a handsome dress-cloak, which she had never yet worn. But she positively declined, declaring that, uncertain as she was whether she was not already a widow, she would never enter a place of amusement until she had letters from her husband, (if, indeed, he still lived) of later date than the 14th of November.

It was on a Tuesday, in the month of December, 1857, that the telegram regarding the actual fate of Captain W——— was published in London. It was to the effect that he was killed before Lucknow on the *fifteenth* of November.

This news, given in the morning paper, attracted the attention of Mr. Wilkinson, a London solicitor, who had in charge Captain W———'s affairs. When at a later period this gentleman met the widow, she informed him that she had been quite prepared for the melancholy news, but that she felt sure her husband could not have been killed on the 15th of November, inasmuch as it was during the night between the 14th and 15th that he appeared to herself.*

* The difference of longitude between London and Lucknow being about five hours, three or four o'clock, A. M. in London would be eight or nine o'clock A. M. at Lucknow. But it was in the *afternoon*, not in the morning, as will be seen in the sequel, that Captain W——— was killed. Had he fallen on the 15th, therefore, the apparition to his wife would have appeared several hours before the engagement in which he fell, and while he was yet alive and well.

The certificate from the War Office, however, which it became Mr. Wilkinson's duty to obtain, confirmed the date given in the telegram; its tenor being as follows:—

"No. 9579. / 1 — War Office, 30th January, 1858.

"These are to certify that it appears, by the records in this office, that Captain G——— W———, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, was killed in action on the 15th November, 1857.

"(Signed) B. Hawes."

While Mr. Wilkinson's mind remained in uncertainty as to the exact date, a remarkable incident occurred, which seemed to cast further suspicion on the accuracy of the telegram and of the certificate. That gentleman was visiting a friend, whose lady has all her life had perception of apparitions, while her husband is what is usually called an impressible medium: facts which are known, however, only to their intimate friends. Though personally acquainted with them, I am not at liberty to give their names. Let us call them Mr. and Mrs. N———.

Mr. Wilkinson related to them, as a wonderful circumstance, the vision of the captain's widow in connection with his death, and described the figure as it had appeared to her. Mrs. N———, turning to her husband, instantly said,

"That must be the very person I saw, the evening we were talking of India, and you drew an elephant, with a howdah on his back. Mr. Wilkinson has described his exact position and appearance; the uniform of a British officer, his hands pressed across his breast, his form bent forward as if in pain. The figure," she added to Mr. W———, "appeared just behind my husband, and seemed looking over his left shoulder."

"Did you attempt to obtain any communication from him?" Mr. Wilkinson asked.

"Yes; we procured one through the medium of my husband."

"Do you remember its purport?"

"It was to the effect that he had been killed in India that afternoon, by a wound in the breast; and adding, as I distinctly remember, 'That thing I used to go about in is not buried yet.' I particularly remarked the expression."

"When did this happen?"

"About nine o'clock in the evening, several weeks ago; but I do not recollect the exact date."

"Can you not call to mind something that might enable you to fix the precise day?"

Mrs. N——— reflected.

"I remember nothing," she said, at last, "except that while my husband was drawing, and I was talking to a lady friend who had called to see us, we were interrupted by a servant bringing in a bill for some German vinegar, and that, as I recommended it as being superior to English, we had a bottle brought in for inspection."

"Did you pay the bill at the time?"

"Yes; I sent out the money by the servant."

"Was the bill receipted?"

"*I think so; but I have it up-stairs*, and can soon ascertain."

Mrs. N——— produced the bill. Its receipt bore date the *fourteenth* of November!

This confirmation of the widow's conviction as to the day of her husband's death produced so much impression on Mr. Wilkinson, that he called at the office of Messrs. Cox & Greenwood, the army agents, to ascertain if there was no mistake in the certificate. But nothing there appeared to confirm any surmise of inaccuracy. Captain W———'s death was mentioned in two separate dispatches of Sir Colin Campbell; and in both the date corresponded with that given in the telegram.

So matters rested, until, in the month of March, 1858, the family of Captain W——— received from Captain G——— C———, then of the Military Train, a letter dated near Lucknow, on the 19th December, 1857. This letter informed them that Captain W——— had been killed before Lucknow, while gallantly leading on the squadron, not on the 15th of November, as reported in Sir Colin Campbell's dispatches, but on the *fourteenth, in the afternoon*. Captain C——— was riding close by his side at the time he saw him fall. He was struck by a fragment of shell in the breast, and never spoke after he was hit. He was buried at the Dilkoosha; and on a wooden cross erected by his friend, Lieutenant R——— of the 9th Lancers, at the head of his grave, are cut the initials G. W., and the date of his death, the 14th of November, 1859.*

The War Office finally made the correction as to the date of death, but not until more than a year after the event occurred. Mr. Wilkinson, having occasion to apply for an additional copy of the certificate in April, 1857, found it in exactly the same words as that which I have given, only that the 14th of November had been substituted for the 15th.†

This extraordinary narrative was obtained by me directly from the parties themselves. The widow of Captain W——— kindly consented to examine and correct the manuscript, and allowed me to inspect a copy of Captain C———'s letter, giving the particulars of her husband's death. To Mr. Wilkinson, also, the manuscript was submitted, and he assented to its accuracy so far as he is concerned. That portion which relates to Mrs. N——— I had from that lady herself. I have neglected no precaution, therefore, to obtain for it the warrant of authenticity.

It is, perhaps, the only example on record where the appearance of what is usually termed a ghost proved the means of correcting an erroneous date in the dispatches of a commander-in-chief, and of detecting an inaccuracy in the certificate of a War Office.

It is especially valuable, too, as furnishing

* It was not in his own regiment, which was then at Meerut, that Captain W——— was serving at the time of his death. Immediately on arriving from England at Cawnpore, he had offered his services to Colonel Wilson, of the 84th. They were at first declined, but finally accepted; and he joined the Military Train, then starting for Lucknow. It was in their ranks that he fell.

† The originals of both these certificates are in my possession; the first bearing date 30th January, 1858, and certifying, as already shown, to the 15th; the second dated 5th April, 1859, and testifying to the 14th.

an example of a double apparition. Nor can it be alleged (even if the allegation had weight) that the recital of one lady caused the apparition of the same figure to the other. Mrs. W——— was at the time in Cambridge, and Mrs. N——— in London; and it was not till weeks after the occurrence that either knew what the other had seen.

Those who would explain the whole on the principle of chance coincidence have a treble event to take into account; the apparition to Mrs. N———, that to Mrs. W———, and the actual time of Captain W———'s death; each tallying exactly with the other.

Examples of apparitions at the moment of death might be multiplied without number. Many persons—especially in Germany—who believe in no other species of apparition admit this. *Anzeigen* is the German term employed to designate such an intimation from the newly dead.

APPARITION OF THE LIVING,
Seen by Mother and Daughter.

In the month of May, and in the year 1840, Dr. D———, a noted physician of Washington, was residing with his wife and his daughter Sarah (now Mrs. B———), at their country-seat, near Piney Point, in Virginia, a fashionable pleasure resort during the summer months.

One afternoon, about five o'clock, the two ladies were walking out in a copse-wood not far from their residence; when, at a distance on the road, coming towards them, they saw a gentleman.

"Sally," said Mrs. D———, "there comes your father to meet us."

"I think not," the daughter replied; "that cannot be papa; it is not so tall as he."

As he neared them, the daughter's opinion was confirmed. They perceived that it was not Dr. D———, but a Mr. Thompson, a gentleman with whom they were well acquainted, and who was at that time, though they then knew it not, a patient of Dr. D———'s. They observed also, as he came nearer, that he was dressed in a blue frock-coat, black satin waistcoat, and black pantaloons and hat. Also, on comparing notes afterward, both ladies, it appeared, had noticed that his linen was particularly fine, and that his whole apparel seemed to have been very carefully adjusted.

He came up so close that they were on the very point of addressing him; but at that moment he stepped aside, as if to let them pass; and then, *even while the eyes of both the ladies were upon him*, he suddenly and entirely disappeared.

The astonishment of Mrs. D——— and her daughter may be imagined. They could scarcely believe the evidence of their own eyes.—They lingered for a time on the spot, as if expecting to see him re-appear; then, with that strange feeling which comes over us when we have just witnessed something unexampled and incredible, they hastened home.

They afterwards ascertained, through Dr. D———, that his patient, Mr. Thompson, being seriously indisposed, was confined to his bed; and that *he had not quitted his room, nor indeed his bed, throughout the entire day.*

It may properly be added that, though Mr. Thompson was familiarly known to the ladies and much respected by them as an estimable man, there were no reasons existing why they should take any more interest in him, or he in them, than in the case of any other friend or acquaintance. He died in just six weeks from the day of this appearance.

The above narrative is of unquestionable authenticity. It was communicated in Washington, in June, 1859, by Mrs. D——— herself; and the manuscript, being submitted to her for revision, was assented to as accurate. It had been frequently related, both by mother and daughter, to the lady—a friend of theirs—who first brought it to my notice.

What shall we say to it? What element of authenticity does it lack? The facts are of comparatively recent occurrence. They are reported directly by the observers of the phenomenon. The circumstances preclude even the hypothesis of suggestion. The mother's remark to the daughter was, "There comes your father." The daughter dissents, remarking that it was a taller man. When the appearance approaches, both ladies distinguish the same person, and that so unmistakably that they advance to meet him and speak to him, without the slightest mistrust. It was evidently an appearance seen independently by each of the observers.

It was seen, too, in broad daylight, and under no excitement whatever. The ladies were enjoying a quiet afternoon's walk. There was no terror to blind, no anxiety of affection to conjure up (as skepticism might imagine it can) the phantom of the absent. The incident is (as they suppose) of the most commonplace character. The gentleman whom they see advancing to meet them is an ordinary acquaintance,—ill at the time, it is true; but even that fact is unknown to them. They both continue to see him until he is within speaking distance. Both observe his dress, even the minute particulars of it; so that on the senses of both precisely the same series of impressions is produced. They ascertain this by a subsequent comparison of their sensations.

Nor do they lose sight of him in any doubtful way, or while their attention is distracted. He disappears before their eyes at the very moment they are about to address him.

How strong in this case is the presumptive evidence against hallucination! Even setting aside the received doctrine of the books, that there is no collective hallucination, how can we imagine that there should be produced, at the very same moment, without suggestion, or expectation, or unusual excitement of any kind, on the brain of two different persons, a perception of the self-same image, minutely detailed, without any external object to produce it? Was that image imprinted on the retina in the case both of mother and daughter? How could this be if there was nothing existing in the outside world to imprint it? Or was there no image on the retina? Was it a purely subjective impression? that is, a false perception, due to disease? But among the millions of impressions which may be produced, if imagination only is the creative agent, how infinite the probabilities *against* the contingency that, out of these millions, this one especial object should present itself in two independent cases!—not only a particular person, dressed in a particular manner, but that person advancing along a road, approaching within a few steps of the observers, and then disappearing! Yet even this is not the limit of the adverse chances. There is not only identity of object, but exact coincidence of time. The two perceive the very same thing at the very same moment; and this coincidence continues throughout several minutes.

What is the natural and necessary conclusion? That there *was* an image produced on the retina, and that there *was* an objective reality there to produce it.

It may seem marvelous, it may appear hard to believe, that the appearance of a human being, in his usual dress, should present itself where that human being is not. It would be a thing a thousand times more marvelous, ten thousand times harder to believe, that the fortuitous action of disease, freely ranging throughout the infinite variety of contingent possibilities, should produce, by mere chance, a mass of coincidences such as make up, in this case, the concurrent and cotemporaneous sensations of mother and daughter.

Narratives of apparitions at or about the moment of death are perhaps the most frequent of any. For a striking and directly authenticated example of this class I am indebted to my friend William Howitt, whose name is almost as familiar on this side of the Atlantic as in his own country. I give it in his own words.

THE BROTHER'S APPEARANCE TO THE SISTER.

"The circumstance you desire to obtain from me is one which I have many times heard related by my mother. It was an event familiar to our family and the neighborhood, and is connected with my earliest memories; having occurred, about the time of my birth, at my father's house at Heanor, in Derbyshire, where I myself was born.

"My mother's family name, Tantum, is an uncommon one, which I do not recollect to have met with except in a story of Miss Leslie's. My mother had two brothers, Francis and Richard. The younger, Richard, I knew well, for he lived to an old age. The elder, Francis, was, at the time of the occurrence I am about to report, a gay young man, about twenty, unmarried; handsome, frank, affectionate, and extremely beloved by all classes throughout that part of the country. He is described, in that age of powder and pigtails, as wearing his auburn hair flowing in ringlets on his shoulders, like another Absalom, and was much admired, as well for his personal grace as for the life and gayety of his manners.

"One fine calm afternoon, my mother, shortly after a confinement, but perfectly convalescent, was lying in bed, enjoying, from her window, the sense of summer beauty and repose; a bright sky above, and the quiet village before her. In this state she was gladdened by hearing footsteps which she took to be those of her brother Frank, as he was familiarly called, approaching the chamber-door. The visitor knocked and entered. The foot of the bed was towards the door, and the curtains at the foot, notwithstanding the season, were drawn, to prevent any draught. Her brother parted them, and looked in upon her. His gaze was earnest, and destitute of its usual cheerfulness, and he spoke not a word. 'My dear Frank,' said my mother, 'how glad I am to see you! Come round to the bedside; I wish to have some talk with you.'

"He closed the curtains, as complying; but, instead of doing so, my mother, to her astonishment, heard him leave the room, close the door behind him, and begin to descend the stairs. Greatly amazed, she hastily rang, and when her maid appeared she bade her call her brother back. The girl replied that she had not seen him enter the house. But my mother insisted, saying, 'He was here but this instant. Run! quick! Call him back! I must see him.'

"The girl hurried away, but, after a time, returned, saying that she could learn nothing of him anywhere; nor had any one in or about the house seen him either enter or depart.

"Now, my father's house stood at the bottom of the village, and close to the high-road, which was quite straight; so that any one passing along it must have been seen for a much longer period than had elapsed. The girl said she had looked up and down the road, then searched the garden—a large, old-fashioned one, with shady walks. But neither in the garden nor on the road was he to be seen. She had inquired at the nearest cottages in the village; but no one had noticed him pass.

"My mother, though a very pious woman, was far from superstitious; yet the strangeness of this circumstance struck her forcibly. While she lay pondering upon it, there was heard a sudden running and excited talking in the village street. My mother listened; it increased, though up to that time the village had been profoundly still; and she became convinced that something very unusual had occurred. Again she rang the bell, to inquire the cause of the disturbance. This time it was the monthly nurse who answered it. She sought to tranquilize my mother, as a nurse usually does a patient. 'Oh, it is nothing particular, ma'am,' she said, 'some trifling affair,'—which she pretended to relate, passing lightly over the particulars. But her ill-suppressed agitation did not escape my mother's eye. 'Tell me the truth,' she said, 'at once. I am certain something very sad has happened.' The woman still equivocated, greatly fearing the effect upon my mother in her then situation. And at first the family joined in the attempt at concealment. Finally, however, my mother's alarm and earnest entreaties drew from them the terrible truth that her brother had just been stabbed at the top of the village, and killed on the spot.

"The melancholy event had thus occurred. My uncle, Francis Tantum, had been dining at Shipley Hall, with Mr. Edward Miller Munday, member of Parliament for the county. Shipley Hall lay off to the right of the village as you looked up the main street from my father's house, and about a mile distant from it; while Heanor Hall, my uncle's residence, was situated to the right: the road from the one country-seat to the other crossing, nearly at right angles, the upper portion of the village street, at a point where stood one of the two village inns, the Admiral Rodney, respectably kept by the widow H———ks. I remember her well—a tall, fine-looking woman, who must have been handsome in her youth, and who, retained, even past middle age, an air superior to her condition. She had one only child, a son, then scarcely twenty. He was a good-looking, brisk young fellow, and bore a very fair character. He must, however, as the event showed, have been of a very hasty temper.

"Francis Tantum, riding home from Shipley Hall, after the early country dinner of that day, somewhat elate, it may be, with wine, stopped at the widow's inn, and bade the son bring him a glass of ale. As the latter turned to obey, my uncle, giving the youth a smart switch across the back with his riding-whip, cried out, in his lively, joking way, 'Now be quick, Dick; be quick!'

"The young man, instead of receiving the playful stroke as a jest, took it as an insult. He rushed into the house, snatched up a carving-knife, and, darting back into the street, stabbed my uncle to the heart, as he sat on his horse, so that he fell dead, on the instant, in the road.

"The sensation throughout the quiet village may be imagined. The inhabitants, who idolized the murdered man, were prevented from taking summary vengeance on the homicide only by the constables carrying him off to the office of the nearest magistrate.

"Young H———ks was tried at the next Derby assizes; but (justly, no doubt, taking into view the sudden irritation caused by the blow,) he was convicted of manslaughter only, and, after a few months' imprisonment, returned to the village; where, notwithstanding the strong popular feeling against him, he continued to keep the inn, even after his mother's death. He is still present to my recollection, a quiet, retiring man, never guilty of any other irregularity of conduct, and seeming to bear about with him the constant memory of his rash deed—a silent blight upon his life.

"So great was the respect entertained for my uncle, and such the deep impression of his tragic end, that so long as that generation lived the church-bells of the village were regularly tolled on the anniversary of his death.

"On comparing the circumstances and the exact time at which each occurred, the fact was substantiated that the apparition presented itself to my mother almost instantly, after her brother had received the fatal stroke."

HOW SENATOR LINN'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

Those who were familiar with the political history of our country twenty years ago remember well Dr. Linn, of Missouri. Distinguished for talents and professional ability, but yet more for the excellence of his heart, he received, by a distinction as rare as it was honorable, the unanimous vote of the Legislature for the office of Senator of the United States.

In discharge of his Congressional duties, he was residing with his family in Washington, during the spring and summer of 1840, the last year of Mr. Van Buren's administration.

One day during the month of May of that year, Dr. and Mrs. Linn received an invitation to a large and formal dinner-party, given by a public functionary, and to which the most prominent members of the Administration party, including the President himself and our present Chief Magistrate, Mr. Buchanan, were invited guests. Dr. Linn was very anxious to be present; but, when the day came, finding himself suffering from an attack of indigestion, he begged his wife to bear his apology in person, and make one of the dinner-party, leaving him at home. To this she somewhat reluctantly consented. She was accompanied to the door of their host by a friend, General Jones, who promised to return and remain with Dr. Linn during the evening.

At table Mrs. Linn sat next to General Macomb, who had conducted her to dinner; and immediately opposite to her sat Silas Wright, Senator from New York, the most intimate friend of her husband, and a man *by* whose death, shortly after, the country sustained an irreparable loss.

Even during the early part of the dinner, Mrs. Linn felt very uneasy about her husband. She tried to reason herself out of this, as she knew that his indisposition was not at all serious; but in vain. She mentioned her uneasiness to General Macomb; but he reminded her of what she herself had previously told him,—that General Jones had promised to remain with Dr. Linn, and that, in the very unlikely contingency of any sudden illness, he would be sure to apprise her of it. Notwithstanding these representations, as dinner drew toward a close this unaccountable uneasiness increased to such an uncontrollable impulse to return home, that, as she expressed it to me, she felt that she *could* not sit there a moment longer. Her sudden pallor was noticed by Senator Wright, and excited his alarm. "I am sure you are ill, Mrs. Linn," he said: "what is the matter?" She replied that she was quite well, but that she *must* return to her husband. Mr. Wright sought, as General Macomb has done, to calm her fears; but she replied to him, "If you wish to do me a favor for which I shall be grateful while I live, make some excuse to our host, so that we can leave the table." Seeing her so greatly excited, he complied with her request, though they were then but serving the dessert; and he and Mrs. Wright accompanied Mrs. Linn home.

As they were taking leave of her at the door of her lodgings, Senator Wright said, "I shall call to-morrow morning, and have a good laugh with the doctor and yourself over your panic apprehensions.

As Mrs. Linn passed hastily up-stairs, she met the landlady. "How is Dr. Linn?" she anxiously asked. "Very well, I believe," was the reply: "he took a bath more than an hour ago, and I dare say is sound asleep by this time. General Jones said he was doing extremely well."

"The general is with him, is he not?"

"I believe not. I think I saw him pass out about half an hour ago."

In a measure reassured, Mrs. Linn hastened to her husband's bed-chamber, the door of which was closed. As she opened it, a dense smoke burst upon her, in such stifling quantity, that she staggered and fell on the threshold. Recovering herself after a few seconds, she rushed into the room. The bolster was on fire, and the feathers burned with a bright glow and a suffocating odor. She threw herself upon the bed; but the fire, half smothered till that moment, was fanned by the draught from the opened door, and, kindling into sudden flame, caught her light dress, which was in a blaze on the instant. At the same moment her eye fell on the large bath-tub that had been used by her husband. She sprang into it, extinguishing her burning dress; then, returning to the bed, she caught up the pillow and a sheet that was on fire, scorching her arms in so doing, and plunged both into the water. Finally, exerting her utmost strength, she drew from the bed her insensible husband. It was then only that she called to the people of the house for aid.

Dr. Sewell was instantly summoned. But it was full half an hour before the sufferer gave any signs whatever of returning animation.—He did not leave his bed for nearly a week; and it was three months before he entirely recovered from the effects of this accident.

"How fortunate it was," said Dr. Sewell to Mrs. Linn, "that you arrived at the very moment you did! Five minutes more—nay, three minutes—and, in all human probability, you would have never seen your husband alive again."

Mr. Wright called, as he promised, the next morning.

"Well, Mrs. Linn," said he smiling, "you have found out by this time how foolish that strange presentiment of yours was."

"Come up stairs," she replied. And she led him to his friend, scarcely yet able to speak; and then she showed him the remains of the half-consumed bolster and partially-burned bed linen.

Whether the sight changed his opinion on the subject of presentiments, I cannot tell; but he turned pale as a corpse (Mrs. Linn said), and did not utter a word.

I had all the above particulars from Mrs. Linn herself,* together with the permission to publish them in illustration of the subject I am treating, attested by date and names.

There is one point in connection with the above narrative, which is worthy of special examination. In case we admit that Mrs. Linn's irresistible impulse to leave the dinner-table was a spiritual impression, the question remains, was it a warning of evil then existing, or was it a presentiment of evil that was still to arise? In other words, was it in its character only clairvoyant, or was it in its nature clearly prophetic?

The impression was distinctly produced on Mrs. Linn's mind, as that lady told me, at least half an hour before it became so urgent as to compel her to leave the entertainment.—When she did leave, as the carriages were not ordered till eleven o'clock, and no hackney-coach was at hand, she and Mr. and Mrs. Wright, as she further stated to me, returned on foot. The distance being a mile and a half, they were fully half an hour in walking it. It follows that Mrs. Linn was impressed to return more than an hour before she opened the door of the bedroom.

Now, it is highly improbable that the fire should have caught, or that anything should have happened likely to lead to it, in the bedroom as much as an hour, or even half an hour, before Mrs. Linn's arrival. But if not—if, at the moment Mrs. Linn was first impressed, no condition of things existed which, to human perceptions, could indicate danger—then, unless we refer the whole to chance coincidence, the case is one involving not only a warning presentiment, but a prophetic instinct.

The next narrative I am enabled to give as perfectly authentic.

APPARITION IN IRELAND.

There was living, in the summer of the year 1802, in the south of Ireland, a clergyman of the Established Church, the Rev. Mr. ———, afterward Archdeacon of ———, now deceased. His first wife, a woman of great beauty, sister of the Governor of ———, was then alive. She had been recently confined, and her recovery was very slow. Their residence—an old-fashioned mansion, situated in a spacious garden—adjoined on one side the park of the Bishop of ———. It was separated from it by a wall, in which there was a private door.

Mr. ——— had been invited by the Bishop to dinner; and as his wife, though confined to bed, did not seem worse than usual, he had accepted the invitation. Returning from the Bishop's palace about ten o'clock, he entered, by the private door already mentioned, his own premises. It was bright moonlight. On issuing from a small bolt of shrubbery into a garden walk, he perceived, as he thought, in another walk, parallel to that in which he was, and not more than ten or twelve feet from him, the figure of his wife, in her usual dress. Exceedingly astonished, he crossed over and confronted her. It *was* his wife. At least, he distinguished her features, in the clear moonlight, as plainly as he had ever done in his life. "What *are* you doing here?" he asked. She did not reply, but receded from him, turning to the right, toward a kitchen-garden that lay on one side of the house. In it there were several rows of peas, staked and well grown, so as to shelter any person passing behind them. The figure passed round one end of these. Mr. ——— followed quickly, in increased astonishment, mingled with alarm; but when he reached the open space beyond the peas, the figure was nowhere to be seen. As there was no spot where, in so short a time, it could have sought concealment, the husband concluded that it was an apparition and not his wife, that he had seen. He returned to the front door, and, instead of availing himself of his pass-key as usual, he rung the bell. While on the steps, before the bell was answered, looking round, he saw the same figure at the corner of the house. When the servant opened the door, he asked her how his mistress was. "I am sorry to say, sir," answered the man, "she is not so well. Dr. Osborne has been sent for." Mr. ———

* In Washington, on the 4th of July, 1859.

hurried up-stairs, found his wife in bed, and much worse, attended by the nurse, who had not left her all the evening. From that time she gradually sank, and within twelve hours thereafter expired.

The above was communicated to me by Mr. ———, now of Canada, son of the Archdeacon.* He had so often heard his father narrate the incident that every particular was minutely imprinted on his memory. I inquired of him if his father had ever stated to him whether, during his absence at the Bishop's, his wife had slept, or had been observed to be in a state of swoon or trance; but he could afford me no information on that subject. It is to be regretted that this had not been observed and recorded. The wife knew where her husband was and by what route he would return. We may imagine, but cannot prove, that this was a case similar to that of Mary Goffe—the appearance of the wife, as of the mother, showing itself where her thoughts and affections were.

The following narrative I owe to the kindness of a friend, Mrs. D———, now of Washington, the daughter of a Western clergyman of well-known reputation, recently deceased.

TWO APPARITIONS OF LIVING PERSONS,

In the Same House on the Same Day.

"I resided for several years in a spacious old stone house, two stories high, agreeably situated, amid fruit trees and shrubbery, on the banks of the Ohio River, in Switzerland County, Indiana. Two verandas, above and below, with outside stairs leading up to them, ran the entire length of the house on the side next the river. These, especially the upper one with its charming prospect, were a common resort of the family.

"On the 15th of September, 1845, my younger sister, J———, was married, and came with her husband, Mr. H——— M———, to pass a portion of the honeymoon in our pleasant retreat.

"On the 18th of the same month, we all ment, by invitation, to spend the day at a friend's house about a mile distant. As twilight came on, finding my two little ones growing restless, we decided to return home. After waiting some time for my sister's husband, who had gone off to pay a visit in a neighboring village, saying he would soon return, we set out without him. Arrived at home, my sister, who occupied an upper room, telling me she would go and change her walking-dress, proceeded up stairs, while I remained below, to see my drowsy babes safe in bed. The moon, I remember, was shining brightly at the time.

"Suddenly, after a minute or two, my sister burst into the room, wringing her hands in despair, and weeping bitterly. 'Oh, sister, sister!' she exclaimed; 'I shall lose him! I know I shall! Hugh is going to die.' In the greatest astonishment, I inquired what was the matter; and then, between sobs, she related to me the cause of her alarm, as follows:—

"As she ran up stairs to their room she saw her husband seated at the extremity of the upper veranda, his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, and his feet on the railing, apparently enjoying the cool river-breeze. Supposing, of course, that he had returned before we did, she approached him, saying, 'Why, Hugh, when did you get here? Why did you not return and come home with us?' As he made no reply, she went up to him, and, bride-like, was about to put her arms round his neck, when, to her horror, the figure was gone and the chair empty. She had barely strength left (so great was the shock) to come down-stairs and relate to me what her excited fears construed into a certain presage of death.

"It was not till more than two hours afterward, when my brother-in-law actually returned, that she resumed her tranquillity. We rallied and laughed at her then, and, after a time, the incident passed from our minds.

"Previously to this, however,—namely, about an hour before Hugh's return,—while we were sitting in the parlor, on the lower floor, I saw a boy, some sixteen years of age, look in at the door of the room. It was a lad whom my husband employed to work in the garden and about the house, and who, in his leisure hours, used to take great delight in amusing my little son Frank, of whom he was very fond. He was dressed, as was his wont, in a suit of blue summer-cloth, with an old palm-leaf hat without a band, and he advanced, in his usual bashful way, a step or two into the room, then stopped, and looked round, apparently in search of something. Supposing that he was looking for the children, I said to him, 'Frank is in bed, Silas, and asleep long ago.' He did not reply, but, turning with a quiet smile that was common to him, left the room, and I noticed, from the window, that he lingered near the ontside door, walking backward and forward before it once or twice. If I had afterward been required to depose, on oath, before a court of justice, that I had seen the boy enter and leave the room, and also that I had noticed him pass and repass before the parlor-window, I should have sworn to these circumstances without a moment's hesitation. Yet it would seem that such a deposition would have conveyed a false impression.

"For, shortly after, my husband, coming in, said, 'I wonder where Silas is?' (that was the boy's name.)

"'He must be somewhere about,' I replied; 'he was here a few minutes since, and I spoke to him.' Thereupon Mr. D——— went out and called him, but no one answered. He sought him all over the premises, then in his room, but in vain. No Silas was to be found; nor did he show himself that night; nor was he in the house the next morning when we arose.

"At breakfast he first made his appearance. 'Where have you been, Silas?' said Mr. D———.

"The boy replied that he had been 'up to the island, fishing.'

"'But,' I said, 'you were here last night.'

"'Oh, no,' he replied, with the simple accent of truth. 'Mr. D——— gave me leave to go fishing yesterday; and I understood I need not return till this morning; so I stayed away all night. I have not been near here since yesterday morning.'

---

* On the 1st of June, 1859.

"I could not doubt the lad's word. He had no motive for deceiving us. The island of which he spoke was two miles distant from our house; and, under all the circumstances, I settled down to the conclusion that as, in my sister's case, her husband had appeared where he was not, so in the case of the boy also it was the appearance only, not the real person, that I had seen that evening. It was remarkable enough that both the incidents should have occurred in the same house and on the same day.

"It is proper I should add that my sister's impression that the apparition of her husband foreboded death did not prove true. He outlived her; and no misfortune which they could in any way connect with the appearance happened in the family.

"Nor did Silas die; nor, as far as I know, did anything unusual happen to him."*

This case is, in some respects, a strong one. There was evidently no connection between the appearance to the one sister and that to the other. There was no excitement preceding the apparitions. In each case, the evidence, so far as one sense went, was as strong as if the real person had been present. The narrator expressly says she would unhesitatingly have sworn, in a court of justice, to the presence of the boy Silas. The sister addressed the appearance of her husband, unexpected as it was, without doubt or hesitation. The theory of hallucination *may* account for both cases; but, whether it does or not, the phenomenon is one which ought to challenge the attention of the jurist as well as of the psychologist. If appearances so exactly counterfeiting reality as these can, occasionally, cheat human sense, their possible occurrence ought not to be ignored in laying down rules of evidence. The presumption, of course, is, in every case, very strongly against them. Yet cases *have* occurred in which an *alibi*, satisfactorily proved yet conflicting with seemingly unimpeachable evidence, has completely puzzled the courts.

An example closely resembling punishment really merited and expressly sent, is the following,—a narrative which I owe to the kindness of Mrs. S. C. Hall, the author, and to the truth of which, as will be seen, she bears personal testimony. I give the story in Mrs. Hall's own words. The circumstances occurred in London.

WHAT AN ENGLISH OFFICER SUFFERED.

"All young girls have friendships one with another; and when I was seventeen, my friend above all others, was Kate L———. She was a young Irish lady, my senior by three years—a gentle, affectionate, pretty creature, much devoted to her old mother, and exercising constant forbearance toward a disagreeable brother, who would persist in playing the flute, though he played both ont of time and tune. This brother was my *bete noire*; and whenever I complained of his bad playing, Kate would say, 'Ah, wait till Robert comes home; he plays and sings like an angel, and is *so* handsome!'

"This 'Robert' had been with his regiment for some years in Canada; and his coming home was to be *the* happiness of mother and daughter. For three months before his return *nothing else was talked of. If I had had any* talent for falling in love, I should have done so, in anticipation, with Robert L———; but *that* was not my weakness; and I was much amused with my friend's speculations as to whether Robert would fall in love with me, or I with him, *first*.

"When we met, there was, happily, no danger to either. He told Kate that her friend was always laughing; and I thought I had never looked on a face so beautiful in outline and yet so haggard and painful. His large blue eyes were deeply set, but always seemed looking for something they could not find. To look at *him* made me uncomfortable. But this was not so strange as the change which, after a time, was evident in Kate. She had become, in less than a week, cold and constrained. I was to have spent a day with her; but she made some apology, and, in doing so, burst into tears. Something was evidently wrong, which I felt satisfied time must disclose.

"In about a week more she came to see me by *myself*, looking ten years older. She closed the door of my room, and then said she desired to tell me something, which she felt I could hardly believe, but that, if I was not afraid, I might come and judge for myself.

"After Robert's return, she said, for a week or so they had been delightfully happy. But very soon—she thought about the tenth day, or rather night—they were alarmed by loud raps and knocks in Robert's room. It was the back room on the same floor on which Mrs. L——— and her daughter slept together in a large front bedchamber. They heard him swearing at the noise, as if it had been at his servant; but the man did not sleep in the house. At last he threw his boots at it; and the more violent he became, the more violent seemed to grow the disturbance.

"At last his mother ventured to knock at his door and ask what was the matter. He told her to come in. She brought a lighted candle and set it on the table. As she entered, her son's favorite pointer rushed out of the room. 'So,' he said, 'the dog's gone! I have not been able to keep a dog in my room at night for years; but under your roof, mother, I fancied, I hoped, I might escape a persecution that I see now pursues me even here. I am sorry for Kate's canary bird that hung behind the curtain. I heard it fluttering after the first round. Of course it is dead!'

"The old lady got up, all trembling, to look at poor Kate's bird. It was dead, at the bottom of the cage—all it's feathers ruffled.

"'Is there no Bible in the room?' she inquired. 'Yes'—he drew one from under his pillow; 'that, I think, protects me from blows.' He looked so dreadfully exhausted that his mother wished to leave the room, to get him some wine. 'No; stay here; do not leave me!' he entreated. Hardly had he ceased speaking, when some huge, heavy substance seemed rolling down the chimney and flopped on the hearth; but Mrs. L——— saw nothing. The next moment, as from a strong wind, the light was extinguished, while knocks, and raps, and a rushing sound passed round the apartment. Robert L——— alternately prayed and swore; and the old lady, usually remarkable for her self-possession, had great difficulty in preventing herself from fainting. The noise continued, sometimes seeming like violent *thumps*, sometimes the sounds appearing to *trickle* around the room.

"At last her other son, roused by the disturbance, came in, and found his mother on her knees, praying.

"That night she slept in her son's room, or rather attempted to do so; for sleep was impossible, though her bed was not touched or shaken. Kate remained outside the open door. It was impossible to see, because, immediately after the first plunge down the chimney, the lights were extinguished.

"The next morning, Robert told his family that for more than ten years he had been the victim of this spirit-persecution. If he lay in his tent, it was there, disturbing his brother officers, who gradually shunned the society of 'the haunted man,' as they called him—one who 'must have done something to draw down such punishment.' When on leave of absence, he was generally free from the visitation for three or four nights; then it found him out again. He never was suffered to remain in a lodging; being regularly 'warned out' by the house-holders, who would not endure the noise.

"After breakfast, the next-door neighbors sent in to complain of the noises of the preceding night. On the succeeding nights, several friends (two or three of whom I knew) sat up with Mrs. L———, and sought to investigate, according to human means, the cause. In vain! They verified the fact; the cause remained hidden in mystery.

"Kate wished me to hear for myself; but I had not courage to do so, nor would my dear mother have permitted it.

"No inducement could prevail on the pointer to return to his master's room, by day or night. He was a recent purchase, and, until the first noise in London came, had appreciated Robert's kindness. After that, he evidently disliked his master. 'It is the old story over again,' said Robert. 'I could never keep a dog. I thought I would try again; but I shall never have anything to love, and nothing will ever be permitted to love me.' The animal soon after got ont; and they supposed it ran away, or was stolen.

"The young man, seeing his mother and sister fading away under anxiety and want of rest, told them he could bear his affliction better by himself, and would therefore go to Ireland, his native country, and reside in some detached country cottage, where he could fish and shoot.

"He went. Before his departure I once heard the poor fellow say, 'It is hard to be so punished; but perhaps I have deserved it.'

"I learned, afterward, that there was more than a suspicion that he had abandoned an unfortunate girl, who

"'Loved not wisely, but too well;'

and that she died in America. Be this as it may, in Ireland, as elsewhere, the visitation followed him unceasingly.

"This spirit never spoke, never answered questions; and the mode of communicating now so general was not then known. If it had been, there might have been a different result.

"As it was, Robert's mode of life in his native country gave his mother great anxiety. I had no clue, however, to his ultimate fate; for his sister would not tell me where in Ireland he had made his miserable home.

"My friend Kate married immediately after her brother left. She was a bride, a mother, and a corpse within a year; and her death really broke her mother's heart; so that in two years the family seemed to have vanished, as if I had never known them. I have sometimes thought, however, that if the dear old lady had not received such a shock from her son's spiritual visitor, she would not have been crushed by the loss of her daughter; but she told me she had nothing left to bind her to this world.

"I have often regretted that I had not watched with my young friend one night; but the facts I have thrown together were known to certainly twenty persons in London."*

One rarely finds a narrative better authenticated, or more strongly indicating the reality of an ultramundane agency, than this. It is attested by the name of a lady well and favorably known in the literary world. It is true that, deterred by her fears, she did not personally witness the disturbances. But if she had, would it have added materially to the weight of her testimony as it stands? Could she doubt the reality of these appalling demonstrations? Can we doubt it? The testimony of the sister and the mother, whose lives this fearful visitation darkened if it did not shorten, to say nothing of the corroborative evidence furnished by friends who sat up with them expressly to seek out some explanation—can we refuse credit to all this? The haggard and careworn looks of the sufferer, his blighted life—could these have been simulated? The confession to his family, wrung from him by recurrence, in his mother's house, of the torment he could no longer conceal—could that be a lie? Dumb animals attested the contrary. The death of the canary bird, the terror of the dog—could fancy cause the one or create the other? Or shall we resort to the hypothesis of human agency? Ten years had the avenging sounds pursued the unfortunate man. In tent or tavern, in country or city, go where he would, the terrible Intrusion still dogged his steps. The maternal home was no city of refuge from the pursuer. To the wilds of Ireland it followed the culprit in his retreat. Even if such human vengeance were conceivable, would not human ingenuity be powerless to carry it out?

Compelled by lack of space, I shall here close the list of narratives connected with alleged apparitions of the dead, by giving one—certainly not the least remarkable—a portion of the corroborative proofs of which were sought out and obtained by myself.

THE OLD KENT MANOR-HOUSE.

In October, 1857, and for several months afterward, Mrs. R———,* wife of a field-officer of high rank in the British army, was residing in Ramhurst Manor-House, near Leigh, in Kent, England. From the time of her first occupying this ancient residence, every inmate of the house had been more or less disturbed at night—*not* usually during the day—by knockings and sounds as of footsteps, but more especially by voices which could not be accounted for. These last were usually heard in some unoccupied adjoining room; sometimes as if talking in a loud tone, sometimes as if reading aloud, occasionally as if screaming. The servants were much alarmed. They never saw anything; but the cook told Mrs. R——— that on one occasion, in broad daylight, hearing the rustle of a silk dress close behind her, and which seemed to touch her, she turned suddenly round, supposing it to be her mistress, but, to her great surprise and terror, could see nobody. Mrs. R———'s brother, a bold, light-hearted young officer, fond of field-sports, and without the slightest faith in the reality of visitations from another world, was much disturbed and annoyed by these voices, which he declared must be those of his sister and of a lady friend of hers, sitting up together to chat all night. On two occasions, when a voice which he thought to resemble his sister's rose to a scream, as if imploring aid, he rushed from his room, at two or three o'clock in the morning, gun in hand, into his sister's bedroom, there to find her quietly asleep.

On the second Saturday in the above month of October, Mrs. R——— drove over to the railway station at Tunbridge, to meet her friend Miss S———, whom she had invited to spend some weeks with her. This young lady had been in the habit of seeing apparitions at times from early childhood.

When, on their return, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, they drove up to the entrance of the manor-house, Miss S——— perceived on the threshold the appearance of two figures, apparently an elderly couple, habited in the costume of a former age. They appeared as if standing on the ground. She did not hear any voice; and, not wishing to render her friend uneasy, she made at that time no remark to her in connection with this apparition.

She saw the same appearance of the same figures, in the same dress, several times within the next ten days, sometimes in one of the rooms of the house, sometimes in one of the passages—always by daylight. They appeared to her surrounded by an atmosphere nearly of the color usually called neutral tint. On the third occasion they spoke to her, and stated that they had been husband and wife, that in former days they had possessed and occupied that manor-house, and that their name was *Children*. They appeared sad and downcast; and, when Miss S——— inquired the cause of their melancholy, they replied that they had idolized this property of theirs; that their pride and pleasure had centred in its possession; that its improvement had engrossed their thoughts; and that it troubled them to know that it had passed away from their family, and to see it now in the hands of careless strangers.

I asked Miss S——— how they spoke. She replied that the voice was that of a human being's; and that she believed it was heard also by others in an adjoining room. This she inferred from the fact that she was afterwards asked with whom she had been conversing.†

After a week or two, Mrs. R———, beginning to suspect that something unusual, connected with the constant disturbances in the house, had occurred to her friend, questioned her closely on the subject; and then Miss S——— related to her what she had seen and heard, describing the appearance and relating the conversation of the figures calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Children.

Up to that time, Mrs. R———, though her rest had been frequently broken by the noises in the house, and though she too has the occasional perception of apparitions, had seen nothing; nor did anything appear to her for a month afterward. One day, however, about the end of that time, when she had ceased to expect any apparition to herself, she was hurriedly dressing for a late dinner—her brother, who had just returned from a day's shooting, having called to her in impatient tones that dinner was served, and that he was quite famished. At the moment of completing her toilet, and as she hastily turned to leave her bedchamber, not dreaming of anything spiritual, there in the doorway stood the same female figure Miss S——— had described—identical in appearance and in costume, even to the old point-lace on her brocaded silk dress—while beside her, on the left, but less distinctly visible, was the figure of her husband. They uttered no sound; but above the figure of the lady, as if written in phosphoric light in the dusk atmosphere that surrounded her, were the words "*Dame Children*," together with some other words, intimating that, having never aspired beyond the joys and sorrows of this world, she had remained "earth-bound." These last, however, Mrs. R——— scarcely paused to decipher; for a renewed appeal from her brother, as to whether they were to have any dinner that day, urged her forward. The figure, filling up the doorway, remained stationary. There was no time for hesitation; she closed her eyes, rushed through the apparition and into the dining-room, throwing up her hands and exclaiming to Miss S———,

"Oh, my dear, I've walked through Mrs. Children!"

This was the only time during her residence in the old manor-house, that Mrs. R——— witnessed the apparition of these figures.

And it is to be remarked that her bedchamber, at the time, was lighted, not only by candles, but by a cheerful fire, and that there was a lighted lamp in the corridor which communicated thence to the dining-room.

---

* Extracted from Mrs. Hall's letter to me, dated London, March 31, 1859.

* The initials of the two names here given are not the actual ones; but I have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with both these ladies.

† Yet this is not conclusive. It might have been Miss S———'s voice only that was heard, not any reply—though heard by her—made by the apparitions. Visible to her, they were invisible to others. Audible to her, they may to others have been inaudible also.

Yet it is certain that the voices at night were heard equally by all.

This repetition of the word "Children" caused the ladies to make inquiries among the servants and in the neighborhood whether any family bearing that name had ever occupied the manor-house. Among those whom they thought likely to know something about it, was a Mrs. Sophy O———, a nurse in the family, who had spent her life in that vicinity. But all inquiries were fruitless; every one to whom they put the question, the nurse included, declaring that they had never heard of such a name. So they gave up all hopes of being able to unravel the mystery.

It so happened, however, that, about four months afterward, this nurse, going home for a holiday to her family at Riverhead, about a mile from Seven Oaks, and recollecting that one of her sisters-in-law, who lived near her, an old woman of seventy, had fifty years before been housemaid in a family then residing at Ramhurst, inquired of her if she had ever heard anything of a family named Children.—The sister-in-law replied that no such family occupied the manor-house when she was there; but she recollected to have then seen an old man who had told her that in his boyhood he had assisted to keep the hounds of the Children family, who were then residing at Ramhurst. This information the nurse communicated to Mrs. R——— on her return; and thus it was that that lady was first informed that a family named Children really had once occupied the manor-house.

All these particulars I received in December, 1858, directly from the ladies themselves, both being together at the time.

Even up to this point the case, as it presented itself, was certainly a very remarkable one. But I resolved, if possible, to obtain further confirmation in the matter.

I inquired of Miss S——— whether the apparitions had communicated to her any additional particulars connected with the family. She replied that she recollected one which she had then received from them, namely, that the husband's name was *Richard*. At a subsequent period likewise, she had obtained the date of Richard Children's death, which, as communicated to her, was 1753. She remembered also that on one occasion a third spirit appeared with them, which they stated was their son; but she did not get his name. To my further inquiries as to the costumes in which the (alleged) spirits appeared, Miss S——— replied, "that they were of the period of Queen Anne or one of the early Georges, she could not be sure which, as the fashions in both were similar. These were her exact words. Neither she nor Mrs. R———, however, had obtained any information tending either to verify or to refute these particulars.

Having an invitation from some friends residing near Seven Oaks in Kent, to spend with them the Christmas week of 1858, I had a good opportunity of prosecuting my inquiries in the way of verification.

I called, with a friend, Mr. F———, on the nurse, Mrs. Sophy O———. Without alluding to the disturbances, I simply asked her if she knew anything of an old family of the name of Children. She said she knew very little, except what she had heard from her sister-in-law, namely, that they used in former days to live at a manor-house called Ramhurst. I asked her if she had ever been there. "Yes," she said, "about a year ago, as nurse to Mrs. R———." "Did Mrs. R———," I asked her, "know anything about the Children family?" She replied that her mistress had once made inquiries of her about them, wishing to know if they had ever occupied the manor-house, but at that time she (Mrs. Sophy) had never heard of such a family: so she could give the lady no satisfaction.

"How did it happen," I asked, "that Mrs. R——— supposed such a family might once have occupied the house?"

"Well, sir," she replied, "that is more than I can tell you—unless, indeed, [and here she hesitated and lowered her voice,] it was through a young lady that was staying with mistress. Did you ever hear, sir," she added, looking around her in a mysterious way, "of what they call *spirit-rappers*?"

I intimated that I had heard the name.

"I'm not afraid of such things," she pursued; "I never thought they would harm me; and I'm not one of your believers in ghosts. But then, to be sure, we *did* have such a time in that old house!"

"Ah! what sort of a time?"

"With knockings, sir, and the noise of footsteps, and people talking of nights. Many a time I've heard the voices when I was going along the passage at two or three o'clock in the morning, carrying the baby to my mistress. I don't believe in ghosts; but you may be sure, sir, it was something serious when mistress's brother got up in the middle of the night and came to his sister's room with his loaded gun in his hand. And then there was another brother; he got out of his bed one night, and declared there were robbers in the house."

"Did you see anything?"

"No, sir, never."

"Nor any of the other servants?"

"I think not, sir: but cook was so frightened!"

"What happened to her?"

"Well, sir, no harm happened to her, exactly; only she was kneeling down making her fire one morning, when up she started with a cry like. I heard her, and came in to see what was the matter. 'Oh,' says she, 'nurse, if I didn't hear the rustling of a silk dress all across the kitchen!' 'Well, cook,' says I, 'you know it couldn't be me, being I never wear silk.' 'No,' says she—and she sort of laughed—'no, I knew it wasn't you, for I've heard the same three or four times already; and whenever I look round there's nothing there.'"

I thanked the good woman, and then went to see the sister-in-law, who fully confirmed her part of the story.

But as all this afforded no clue either to the Christian name, or the date of occupation, or the year of Mr. Children's death, I visited in search of these, the church and grave-yard at Leigh, the nearest to the Ramhurst property, and the old church at Tunbridge; making inquiries in both places on the subject. But to no purpose. All I could learn was, that a certain George Children left, in the year 1718, a weekly gift of bread to the poor, and that a descendant of the family also named George, dying some forty years ago, and not residing at Ramhurst, had a marble tablet, in the Tunbridge church, erected to his memory.

Sextons and tombstones having failed me, a friend suggested that I might possibly obtain the information I sought by visiting a neighboring clergyman. I did so, and with the most fortunate result. Simply stating to him that I had taken the liberty to call in search of some particulars touching the early history of a Kentish family of the name of Children, he replied that, singularly enough, he was in possession of a document, coming to him through a private source, and containing, he thought likely, the very details of which I was in search. He kindly intrusted it to me; and I found in it, among numerous particulars regarding another member of the family, not many years since deceased, certain extracts from the "Hasted Papers," preserved in the British Museum; these being contained in a letter addressed by one of the members of the Children family to Mr. Hasted. Of this document, which may be consulted in the Museum library, I here transcribe a portion, as follows:—

"The family of Children were settled for a great many generations at a house called, from their own name, Childrens, situated at a place called Nether street, otherwise Lower street, in Hildenborough, in the parish of Tunbridge. George Children of Lower street, who was High-Sheriff of Kent in 1698, died without issue in 1718, and by will devised the bulk of his estate to *Richard* Children, eldest son of his late uncle, William Children of Hedcorn, and his heirs. This Richard Children, *who settled himself at Ramhurst*, in the parish of Leigh, married Anne, daughter of John Saxby, in the parish of Leeds, by whom he had issue four sons and two daughters," &c.

Thus I ascertained that the first of the Children family who occupied Ramhurst as a residence was named Richard, and that he settled there in the early part of the reign of George I. The year of his death, however, was not given.

This last particular I did not ascertain till several months afterward; when a friend versed in antiquarian lore, to whom I mentioned my desire to obtain it, suggested that the same Hasted, an extract from whose papers I have given, had published in 1778, a history of Kent, and that, in that work, I might possibly obtain the information I sought. In effect, after considerable search, I there found the following paragraph:—

"In the eastern part of the Parish of Lyghe, (now Leigh,) near the river Medway, stands an ancient mansion called Ramhurst, once reputed a manor and held of the honor of Gloucester." * * * "It continued in the Culpepper family for several generations." * * * "It passed by sale into that of Saxby, and Mr. William Saxby conveyed it by sale, to Children. Richard Children, Esq., resided here, *and died possessed of it in* 1753, aged eighty-three years. He was succeeded in it by his eldest son, John Children, of Tunbridge, Esq., whose son, George Children, of Tunbridge, Esq., is the present possessor.*

*Thus I verified the last remaining particular, the date of Richard Children's death.—It appears from the above, also, that Richard Children was the *only* representative of the family who lived and died at Ramhurst; his son John being designated not as of Ramhurst, but as of Tunbridge. From the private memoir above referred to I had previously ascertained that the family seat after Richard's time was Ferox Hall, near Tunbridge.

It remains to be added that in 1816, in consequence of events reflecting no discredit on the family, they lost all their property, and were compelled to sell Ramhurst, which has since been occupied, though a somewhat spacious mansion, not as a family residence, but as a farm-house. I visited it; and the occupant assured me that nothing worse than rats or mice disturbed it now.

I am not sure that I have found on record, among what are usually termed ghost stories, any narrative better authenticated than the foregoing. It involves, indeed, no startling or romantic particulars, no warning of death, no disclosure of murder, no circumstances of terror or danger; but it is all the more reliable on that account; since those passions which are wont to excite and mislead the imaginations of men were not called into play.

It was communicated to me, about fourteen months only after the events occurred, by both the chief witnesses, and incidentally confirmed, shortly afterward, by a third.

The social position and personal character of the two ladies to whom the figures appeared preclude, at the outset, all idea whatever of wilful misstatement or deception. The sights and sounds to which they testify *did* present themselves to their senses. Whether their senses played them false is another question.

* * * * * *

The lesson taught by this story—if we admit the figures which presented themselves to the two ladies to have been, in verity, the apparitions of the Children family—is, that crime is not necessary to attract the spirits of the departed back to earth; that a frame of mind of an exclusively worldly cast—a character that never bestowed a thought upon anything beyond this earth, and was troubled only by the cares of possession and the thoughts of gain—may equally draw down the spirit, though freed from the body, to gather cumber and sorrow amid the scenes of its former care. If this be so, how strong the motive not to suffer the present and the temporal, necessary and proper in their places as they are, so completely to engross us as to usurp the place, and wholly to exclude the thoughts, of the future and the spiritual!

THE VISIONARY EXCURSION.

In June of the year 1857, a lady whom I shall designate as Mrs. A——— was residing with her husband, a colonel in the British army, and their infant child, on Woolwich Common, near London.

---

* That is, in 1778, when the work was published. See, for the above quotation, Hasted's History of Kent, vol. i, pp. 422 and 423.

One night in the early part of that month, suddenly awaking to consciousness, she felt herself as if standing by the bedside and looking upon her own body, which lay there by the side of her sleeping husband. Her first impression was that she had died suddenly; and the idea was confirmed by the pale and lifeless look of the body, the face void of expression, and the whole appearance showing no sign of vitality. She gazed at it with curiosity for some time, comparing its dead look with that of the fresh countenances of her husband and of her slumbering infant in a cradle hard by. For a moment she experienced a *feeling of relief* that she had escaped the pangs of death; but the next she reflected what a grief her death would be to the survivors, and then came a wish that she could have broken the news to them gradually. While engaged in these thoughts, she felt herself carried to the wall of the room, with a feeling that it must arrest her farther progress. But no: she seemed to pass through it, into the open air. Outside the house was a tree; and this also she appeared to traverse, as if it interposed no obstacle. All this occurred without any desire on her part. Equally without having wished or expected it, she found herself, after a time, on the opposite side of the Common, at Woolwich, close to the entrance of what is called the Repository.* She saw there, as is usual, a sentry, and narrowly observed his uniform and appearance. From his careless manner, she felt sure that, though she seemed to herself to be standing near him, he did not perceive her. Then, first passing to the arsenal, where she saw another sentinel, she returned to the barracks, and there heard the clock strike three. Immediately after this she found herself in the bedchamber of an intimate friend, Miss L——— M———, then residing at Greenwich. With her she seemed to commence a conversation, but its purport she did not afterward distinctly recollect; for soon after it began she was conscious of seeing and hearing nothing more.

Her first words on awaking next morning were, "*So I am not dead, after all!*" When her husband questioned her as to the meaning of so strange an exclamation, she related to him the vision (if vision it was) of the night.

The above occurred during a Wednesday night; and they expected Miss L——— M——— on a visit on the next Friday. The husband exacted from his wife a promise that she would not write to, or in any way communicate with, this young lady in the meantime; and she gave him her word of honor to that effect.

So far there appeared to be nothing beyond an ordinary phenomenon, such as constantly occurs during sleep. It is not, indeed, customary to dream of seeing oneself; but who shall set limits to the vagaries of the sleeping fancy?

The sequel, however, contains the puzzle, and, some may think, one of those explanatory hints that are worth noting and reflecting on.

Colonel *A*——— was in company with his wife when, on the next Friday, she met her friend, Miss L——— M———. It ought to be stated that this lady has from her childhood habitually seen apparitions. No allusion whatever was made to the subject uppermost in *their thoughts; and after a while they all three* walked out into the garden. There the two ladies began conversing about a new bonnet; and Mrs. A——— said, "My last was trimmed with violet; and I like the color so much I think I shall select it again." "Yes," her friend replied, "I know that is your color." "How so?" Mrs. A——— asked. "Because when you came to me the other night—let me see: when was it?—ah, I remember, night before last—it was robed in violet that you appeared to me." "I appeared to you the other night?" "Yes, about three o'clock; and we had quite a conversation together. Have you no recollection of it?"

This was deemed conclusive, both by husband and wife, in proof that something beyond the usual hypothesis of dreaming fancy was necessary to explain the visionary excursion to Woolwich.

This is the only time that any similar occurrence has happened to Mrs. Colonel A———. Her husband is now in India, a brigadier-general; and she has often earnestly longed that her spirit might be permitted, during the watches of the night, to visit him there. For a time, encouraged by what had already happened, she expected this. But longing and expectation have proved alike unavailing. Unthought of, unwished for, the phenomenon came; earnestly desired, fondly expected, it failed to appear. Expectant attention, then, is evidently not the explanation in this case.

It was related to me in February, 1859, by the one lady, the nightly visitant, and confirmed to me, a few days afterward, by the other, the receiver of the visit.

Resembling in its general character the Wilkins dream, the above differs from it chiefly in this, that the narrator appears to have observed more minutely the succession of her sensations; thus suggesting to us the idea that the apparently lifeless body which seemed to her to remain behind might, for the time, have parted with what we may call a spiritual portion of itself;† which portion, moving off without the usual means of locomotion, might make itself perceptible, at a certain distance, to another person.

Let him who may pronounce this a fantastical hypothesis, absurd on its face, suggest some other sufficient to explain the phenomena we are here examining. And, before doing so, let him peruse the following; a narrative, as he will see, from the lips of an eye-witness, and which I regard as the most conclusive of its kind it has ever been my good fortune to obtain.

* Store house of arms and ammunition.

† Dr. Kerner relates that on the 28th of *May*, 1827, about three o'clock in the afternoon, being with Madame Hauffe, who was ill in bed at the time, that lady suddenly perceived the appearance of herself, seated in a chair, wearing a white dress; not that which she then wore, but another belonging to her. She endeavored to cry out, but could neither speak nor move. Her eyes remained wide open and fixed; but she saw nothing except the appearance and the chair on which it sat. After a time she saw the figure rise and approach her. Then, as it came quite close to her, she experienced what seemed an electric shock, the effect of which was perceptible to Dr. Kerner; and, with a sudden cry, she regained the power of speech, and related what she had seen and felt. Dr. Kerner saw nothing.—"*Seherin von Prevorst*," pp. 138, 139.

WHY A LIVONIAN SCHOOL-TEACHER LOST HER SITUATION.

Habitual Apparition of a Living Person.

There existed in the year 1845, and is still continued, in Livonia, about thirty-six miles from Riga and a mile and a half from the small town of Wolmar, an institution of high repute for the education of young ladies, entitled the Pensionnat of Neuwelcke. It is under the superintendence of Moravian directors; of whom the principal, at the time of the occurrences about to be related, was named Buch.

There were, in that year, forty-two young ladies residing there as boarders, chiefly daughters of noble Livonian families; among them, Mademoiselle Julie, second daughter of the Baron de Guldenstubbe, then thirteen years of age.

In this institution one of the female teachers at that time was Mademoiselle Emelie Sagee, a French lady, from Dijon. She was of the Northern type—a blonde, with very fair complexion, light-blue eyes, chestnut hair, slightly above the middle size, and of slender figure. In character she was amiable, quiet, and good tempered; not at all given to anger or impatience: but of an anxious disposition, and as to her physical temperament, somewhat nervously excitable. Her health was usually good; and during the year and a half that she lived as teacher at Neuwelcke, she had but one or two slight indispositions. She was intelligent and accomplished; and the directors, during the entire period of her stay, were perfectly satisfied with her conduct, her industry, and her acquirements. She was at that time thirty-two years of age.

A few weeks after Mademoiselle Sagee first arrived, singular reports began to circulate among the pupils. When some casual inquiry happened to be made as to where she was, one young lady would reply that she had seen her in such or such a room; whereupon another would say, "Oh, no! she can't be there; for I have just met her on the stairway;" or perhaps in some distant corridor. At first they naturally supposed it was mere mistake; but, as the same thing recurred again and again, they began to think it very odd, and finally spoke to the other governesses about it. Whether the teachers, at that time, could have furnished an explanation or not, they gave none; they merely told the young ladies it was all fancy and nonsense, and bade them pay no attention to it.

But, after a time, things much more extraordinary, and which could not be set down to imagination or mistake, began to occur. One day the governess was giving a lesson to a class of thirteen, of whom Mademoiselle de Guldenstubbe was one, and was demonstrating, with eagerness, some proposition, to illustrate which she had occasion to write with chalk on a blackboard. While she was doing so, and the young ladies were looking at her, to their consternation, they suddenly saw *two* Mademoiselle Sagees, the one by the side of the other. They were exactly alike; and they used the same gestures, only that the real person held a bit of chalk in her hand, and did *actually write, while the double had no chalk*, and only imitated the motion.

This incident naturally caused a great sensation in the establishment. It was ascertained, on inquiry, that every one of the thirteen young ladies in the class had seen the second figure, and that they all agreed in their description of its appearance and of its motions.

Soon after, one of the pupils, a Mademoiselle Antonie de Wrangel, having obtained permission, with some others, to attend a *fete champetre* in the neighborhood, and being engaged in completing her toilet Mademoiselle Sagee had good-naturedly volunteered her aid, and was hooking her dress behind. The young lady, happening to turn round and to look in an adjacent mirror, perceived two Mademoiselle Sagees hooking her dress. The sudden apparition produced so much effect upon her that she fainted.

Months passed by, and similar phenomena were still repeated. Sometimes, at dinner, the double appeared standing behind the teacher's chair and imitating her motions as she ate—only that its hands held no knife and fork, and that there was no appearance of food; the figure alone was repeated. All the pupils and the servants waiting on the table witnessed this.

It was only occasionally, however, that the double appeared to imitate the motions of the real person. Sometimes, when the latter rose from a chair, the figure would appear seated on it. On one occasion, Mademoiselle Sagee being confined to bed with an attack of influenza, the young lady already mentioned, Mademoiselle de Wrangel, was sitting by her bedside, reading to her. Suddenly the governess became stiff and pale; and, seeming as if about to faint, the young lady, alarmed, asked if she was worse. She replied that she was not, but in a very feeble and languid voice. A few seconds afterwards, Mademoiselle de Wrangel, happening to look round, saw, quite distinctly, the figure of the governess walking up and down the apartment. This time the young lady had sufficient self-control to remain quiet, and even to make no remark to the patient. Soon afterward she came downstairs, looking very pale, and related what she had witnessed.

But the most remarkable example of this seeming independent action of the two figures happened in this wise:

One day all the young ladies of the institution, to the number of forty-two, were assembled in the same room, engaged in embroidery. It was a spacious hall on the first floor of the principal building, and had four large windows, or rather glass doors, (for they opened to the floor,) giving entrance to a garden of some extent in front of the house. There was a long table in the centre of the room; and here it was that the various classes were wont to unite for needle-work or similar occupation.

On this occasion the young ladies were all seated at the table in question, whence they could readily see what passed in the garden; and, while engaged at their work, they had noticed Mademoiselle Sagee there, not far from the house, gathering flowers, of which she was very fond. At the head of the table, seated in an arm-chair, (of green morocco, my informant says, she still distinctly recollects that it was,) sat another teacher, in charge of the pupils. After a time this lady had occasion to leave the room, and the arm-chair was left vacant. It remained so, however, for a short time only; for of a sudden there appeared seated in it the figure of Mademoiselle Sagee. The young ladies immediately looked into the garden, and there she still was, engaged as before; only they remarked that she moved very slowly and languidly, as a drowsy or exhausted person might. Again they looked at the arm-chair, and there she sat, silent, and without motion, but to the sight so palpably real that, had they not seen her outside in the garden, and had they not known that she appeared in the chair without having walked into the room, they would all have supposed that it was the lady herself. As it was, being quite certain that it was not a real person, and having become, to a certain extent, familiar with this strange phenomenon, two of the boldest approached and tried to touch the figure. They averred that they did feel a slight resistance, which they likened to that which a fabric of fine muslin or crape would offer to the touch. One of the two then passed close in front of the arm-chair, and actually *through* a portion of the figure. The appearance, however, remained, after she had done so, for some time longer, still seated, as before. At last it gradually disappeared; and then it was observed that Mademoiselle Sagee resumed, with all her usual activity, her task of flower-gathering. Every one of the forty-two pupils saw the same figure in the same way.

Some of the young ladies afterward asked Mademoiselle Sagee if there was anything peculiar in her feelings on this occasion. She replied that she recollected this only: that, happening to look up, and perceiving the teacher's arm-chair to be vacant, she had thought to herself, "I wish she had not gone away; these girls will be sure to be idling their time and getting into some mischief."

This phenomenon continued, under various modifications, throughout the whole time that Mademoiselle Sagee retained her situation at Neuwelcke; that is, throughout a portion of the years 1845 and 1846; and, in all, for about a year and a half; at intervals, however,—sometimes intermitting for a week, sometimes for several weeks at a time. It seemed chiefly to present itself on occasions when the lady was very earnest or eager in what she was about. It was uniformly remarked that the more distinct and material to the sight the double was, the more stiff and languid was the living person; and in proportion as the double faded did the real individual resume her powers.

She herself, however, was totally unconscious of the phenomenon; she had first become aware of it only from the report of others; and she usually detected it by the looks of the persons present. She never, herself, saw the appearance, nor seemed to notice the species of rigid apathy which crept over her at the times it was seen by others.

During the eighteen months throughout which my informant had an opportunity of witnessing this phenomenon and of hearing of it through others, no example came to her knowledge of the appearance of the figure at any considerable distance—as of several miles—from the real person. Sometimes it appeared, but not far off, during their walks in the neighborhood; more frequently, however, within doors. Every servant in the house had seen it. It was, apparently, perceptible to all persons, without distinction of age or sex.

It will be readily supposed that so extraordinary a phenomenon could not continue to show itself, for more than a year, in such an institution, without injury to its prosperity. In point of fact, as soon as it was completely proved, by the double appearance of Mademoiselle Sagee before the class, and afterwards before the whole school, that there was no imagination in the case, the matter began to reach the ears of the parents. Some of the more timid among the girls, also, became much excited, and evinced great alarm whenever they happened to witness so strange and inexplicable a thing. The natural result was, that their parents began to scruple about leaving them under such an influence. One after another, as they went home for the holidays, failed to return; and though the true reason was not assigned to the directors, they knew it well. Being strictly upright and conscientious men, however, and very unwilling that a well-conducted, diligent, and competent teacher should lose her position on account of a peculiarity that was entirely beyond her control—a misfortune, not a fault—they persevered in retaining her, until, at the end of eighteen months, the number of pupils had decreased from forty-two to twelve. It then became apparent that either the teacher or the institution must be sacrificed; and, with much reluctance and many expressions of regret on the part of those to whom her amiable qualities had endeared her, Mademoiselle Sagee was dismissed.

The poor girl was in despair. "Ah!" (Mademoiselle de Guldenstubbe heard her exclaim, soon after the decision reached her,) "Ah! the nineteenth time! It is very, very hard to bear!" When asked what she meant by such an exclamation, she reluctantly confessed that previous to her engagement at Neuwelcke she had been teacher in eighteen different schools, having entered the first when only sixteen years of age, and that, on account of the strange and alarming phenomenon which attached to her, she had lost, after a comparatively brief sojourn, one situation after another. As, however, her employers were in every other respect well satisfied with her, she obtained in each case favorable testimonials as to her conduct and abilities. Dependent entirely on her labor for support, the poor girl had been compelled to avail herself of these in search of a livelihood, in places where the cause of her dismissal was not known; even though she felt assured, from experience, that a few months could not fail again to disclose it.

After she left Neuwelcke, she went to live, for a time, in the neighborhood, with a sister-in-law, who had several quite young children. Thither the peculiarity pursued her. Mademoiselle de Guldenstubbe, going to see her there, learned that the children of three or four years of age all knew of it; being in the habit of saying that "they saw two Aunt Emelies."

Subsequently she set out for the interior of Russia, and Mademoiselle de Guldenstubbe lost sight of her entirely.

That lady was not able to inform me whether the phenomenon had shown itself during Mademoiselle Sagee's infancy, or previous to her sixteenth year, nor whether, in the case of any of her family or of her ancestors, a similar peculiarity had appeared.

I had the above particulars from Mademoiselle de Guldenstubbe herself; and she kindly gave me permission to publish it, with every particular of name, place, and date. She remained as pupil at Neuwelcke during the whole time that Mademoiselle Sagee was teacher there. No one, therefore, could have had a better opportunity of observing the case in all its details.

In the course of my reading on this subject—and it has been somewhat extensive—I have not met a single example of the apparition of the living so remarkable and so incontrovertibly authentic as this. The institution of Neuwelcke still exists, having gradually recovered its standing after Mademoiselle Sagee left it; and corroborative evidence can readily be obtained by addressing its directors.

The narrative proves, beyond doubt or denial, that under particular circumstances the apparition or counterpart of a living person may appear at a certain distance from that person, and may seem, to ordinary human sight, so material as not to be distinguishable from a real body; also that this appearance may be reflected from a mirror. Unless the young ladies who were courageous enough to try the experiment of touching it were deceived by their imaginations, it proves, further, that such an apparition may have a slight, but positive, consistency.

It seems to prove, also, that care or anxiety on the part of the living person may project (if I may so express it) the apparition to a particular spot. Yet it was sometimes visible when no such cause could be assigned.

It proves, further, that when the apparition separated (if that be the correct expression) from the natural body, it took with it a certain portion of that body's ordinary life and strength. It does not appear that in this case the languor consequent upon such separation ever reached the state of trance or coma, or that the rigidity observed at the same time went as far as catalepsy; yet it is evident that the tendency was toward both of these conditions, and that that tendency was the greater in proportion as the apparition became more distinct.

Two remarkable peculiarities mark this case: one, that the appearance, visible without exception to every one else, remained invisible to the subject of it; the other, that though the second figure was sometime seen to imitate, like an image reflected in a mirror, the gestures and actions of the first, yet at other times it seemed to act entirely independent of it; appearing to walk up and down while the actual person lay in bed, and to be seated in the house while its counterpart moved about the garden.

It differs from other cases on record in this: that the apparition does not appear to have shown itself at any considerable distance from the real person. It is possible (but this is theory only) that, if it had, the result on Mademoiselle Sagee might have been to produce a state of trance during its continuance.

This case may afford us also a useful lesson. It may teach us that it is idle, in each particular instance of apparition or other rare and unexplained phenomenon, to deny its reality until we can discover the purpose of its appearance: to reject, in short, every extraordinary fact until it shall have been clearly explained to us for what great object God ordains or permits it. In this particular case, what special intention can be assigned? A meritorious young woman is, after repeated efforts, deprived by an habitual apparition of the opportunity to earn an honest livelihood. No other effect is apparent, unless we are to suppose that it was intended to warn the young girls who witnessed the appearance against materialism. But it is probable the effect upon them was to produce alarm rather than conviction.

The phenomenon is one of a class. There is good reason, doubtless, for the existence of that class; but we ought not to be called upon to show the particular end to be effected by each example. As a general proposition, we believe in the great utility of thunder-storms, as tending to purify the atmosphere; but who has a right to require that we disclose the design of Providence if, during the elemental war, Amelia be stricken down a corpse from the arms of Celadon?

With this example, in which the number of concurrent witnesses completely precludes the hypothesis of hallucination, I close my list of cases bearing on apparitions of the living.

This phenomenon, whatever its exact character, is evidently the same as that which, under the name of *wraith*, has for centuries formed one of the chief items in what are usually considered the superstitions of Scotland.—In that country it is popularly regarded as a forewarning of death. This, doubtless, *is* a superstition; and, by the aid of the preceding examples, one may rationally conjecture how it originated.

SAMPLES OF COTTON FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE, WEST AFRICA.—Mr. J. Aspinall Turner, M. P., has kindly forwarded to the offices of the Cotton Supply Association, Manchester, an interesting case of samples of cotton and cotton-yarn, which he has just received from Dr. Livingstone. The sample of cotton is excellent; but the most surprising sample is a ball of yarn, spun by the natives, weighing 16½ ounces, the cost of which is one foot of calico, or one penny. The other samples of yarn are well spun and very strong. This cotton was grown in the valley of the Shire, which is one hundred miles long by twenty broad. The natives spin and weave it for their own use, and we are informed that so abundant is the cotton in this valley that a vast number of cotton trees are annually burned to the ground. Navigation of the Zambezi and the Shire is open to this cotton valley during a great portion of the year. It is evident, therefore, that a large supply of cotton may be readily obtained from this part of Africa, by the adoption of an effective agency.—*Manchester Guardian.*

☞ "To-morrow" is the day on which lazy folks work, and fools reform.

FOREIGN NEWS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—The steamship Africa has arrived, with Liverpool dates to the 7th inst.

An address to Lord Palmerston, praying the government to use its influence in maintaining the integrity and independence of the Pope's dominions, was in course of signature by the Roman Catholics in Ireland.

The London Times regards the dismissal of M. Walewski from the French Ministry, as a declaration that Napoleon is disposed to commit himself to a more liberal and generous line of policy, to cast himself into the Italian cause, and to maintain it against all the powers of despotism, and all the hostility of the Church.

The other English journals regard the change in the French cabinet as hopeful for the Italian cause.

Mr. David Hughes, the solicitor, who absconded with liabilities to his clients amounting to £160,000, had been tried and sentenced to ten years penal servitude.

A correspondence had recently taken place between Miss S. P. Remond, a free born American woman of color, and Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, on account of the refusal of Mr. Dallas to *viser* her passport, on the ground that she was a person of color.

A report had been drawn up by the most eminent juri-consults of the French bar, which establishes the right of Frenchmen to petition the Senate for changes in the existing laws.

The friends of free trade in Paris had petitioned the Emperor for leave to re-establish the Association for obtaining a reform of the Customs tariff. They had also adopted measures for establishing a journal to defend their principles.

The draft of the new law for the reform of the army in Prussia had been completed. The peace number of the line is to be increased by 35,000 men, making a total of 125,000.

The Governor-General accompanied by Lord Clyde and a splendid retinue had made a progress through the North-west Provinces of India, in order to acknowledge in the most conspicuous manner and to reward munificently the services of those native Princes, who, during the rebellion remained faithful to the British Crown.

A telegraphic despatch from Bombay, of the 15th of December, confirms the capture of 2,000 rebels in Oude. The names of the leaders who were taken prisoners, are Mammo Kahn, Khan Bahadoor, and Chan Beni Madhoo, and his two sons.

It was still uncertain whether the Congress of Powers will assemble. Nothing further had transpired pertaining to it.

The retirement or dismissal of Count Walewski from the French cabinet attracted much attention. The English journals construe it as an evidence of Napoleon's intention to espouse the Italian cause.

It is rumored that Lord Cowley's visit to London had reference to the settlement of the Italian question, without a Congress.

The Sardinian Government has entered a protest against Rome enlisting German soldiers, and threatens to send troops into the legations.

A despatch from Modena says that Father Zilette, the inquisitor, accused of kidnapping the Jewish boy Mortara, has been arrested to undergo judicial proceedings. The arrest of Father Zilette was in consequence of a demand made by the family of the boy Mortara, who had given proof that the kidnapping was ordered by him.

In the city article of the Times it is remarked that a lively contest in the United States Senate is probable, on the question of adopting the new Mexican treaty; but if adopted, the independence of Mexico will be at an end.

The London Times has an editorial on the late Union meeting in New York. It regards the pro-slavery sentiments there announced as a fair sample, on the average, of American opinion, and taunts the Abolitionists of New England with having plunged the race, by favor into deeper darkness, and made the subjection of man to man the belief of a Christian people.

THE MARKETS.—Liverpool, Jan. 6th.—Cotton is active and firm—prices steady. Manchester advices favorable; prices advancing.

Breadstuffs quiet. Provisions quiet. Sugars firm and 1@ls 6d higher since the holidays; closing quiet. Coffee is buoyant and slightly higher. Spirits of Turpentine dull at 34s. Tea steady. Other articles are without any change of consequence.

TWO WIVES MOURNING FOR THE SAME HUSBAND.—The Chicago Press relates a singular occurrence which took place in that city on Thursday week. A man, named Michael Gautrie, who had been killed by a railroad accident, was about to be buried, and his wife was making such preparations for his funeral as her poverty would permit, when a middle-aged female, of French extraction, accompanied by her two sons, boys of 10 and 15 years of age, drove up to the undertaker, and announced that she was the wife of the deceased. Her story proved to be true. Gautrie had separated from her in 1858, and, going to Chicago, had married Mrs. G. number two. On meeting, the two wives agreed to share the funeral expenses, but a difficulty arose as to who should go to the grave. The friends of the latest Mrs. Gautrie insisted that she should not go, and she yielded to them. The other Mrs. Gautrie, wearying of the controversy, took her two sons into the carriage, and drove off. The undertaker, with the aid of a hackman, placed the coffin in the hearse, and started off alone in the direction of the cemetery, the late husband of two spouses bidding fair to go unattended by either to his last resting-place. But wife No. 1, from afar off, had been watching, and, near the cemetery, her hack fell into line with the solitary hearse. She and her two boys stood beside the grave, as the coffin was lowered. At her bidding, each took in his tiny hand the sexton's spade, and let fall earth upon the coffin, and thus ended the singular and novel funeral of Michael Gautrie.

AMERICAN WATCHES.—Our readers will recollect that not long ago we published an elaborate account of the American Watch Company's Factory, at Waltham, Massachusetts, and predicted for its products a large and enduring success. This result has been accomplished beyond the most extravagant hopes of its managers, and their watches are now the trusty companions of thousands of that best class of the community with whom time is emphatically money. They have proved to be, what we then insisted they couldn't help being—the most uniformly reliable and substantial watch in the world, and we are informed that even the prejudices of foreign watch-repairers, working in this country, are gradually giving way to the irrefutable argument furnished by the steady and accurate performances of these time-keepers. In many instances, to our certain knowledge, their accuracy is, and has been, almost unparalleled, rivalling that of the best Marine Chronometers, and in all cases so exact as to accomplish all the practical purposes of a pocket time-piece. More than 17,000 persons in the United States are now wearing American watches, and the company have not heard more than a half dozen complaints from all that number, and those arising from some accidental derangement or miusage of the works.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

ANDREW SCOTT, a well known printer of this city, died on the 20th, aged forty-two years. Mr. Scott was formerly one of the publishers and editors of the Daily Chronicle penny newspaper, and subsequently the publisher of Scott's Weekly Paper.

☞ The man who is fond of puddings and pies, places himself fearfully in the power of his wife.

POLITICAL NEWS.

MARYLAND.—In the Legislature a resolution was recently submitted, authorizing a reward to be offered for the arrest of Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Delaware, who, in a recent speech at an Abolition meeting in Philadelphia, confessed himself to be an agent of the underground railway, in order to have him tried on the charge of stealing slaves from the citizens of Maryland. The resolution was discussed and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. Various propositions have been made to fix the reward from $2,000 to $5,000.

MISSOURI.—Gov. Stewart has refused to sign the bill lately passed by the Missouri Legislature, for the exclusion of the free negroes from the State.

MINNESOTA.—At the Democratic State Convention resolutions were passed endorsing the Cincinnati platform and the Dred Scott decision; opposing the reopening of the slave trade; denouncing the Harper's Ferry raid; declaring Stephen A. Douglas to be their first choice for the Presidency, and instructing the delegates to the Charleston Convention from Minnesota to vote for him as long as such support will prove availing; and declaring that the Minnesota Democracy will support the Charleston nominee whoever he may be.

CONGRESS—THE PLURALITY RULE.—No Speaker yet. Mr. Burnett, of Ky., in answer to a question by Mr. Colfax, of Ind., said:—A written agreement had been signed by himself and a large number of others, to prevent the plurality rule being adopted. The agreement is nearly as follows:—We are resolved, by all parliamentary tactics and stratagems, and by all means known to the Constitution and laws, to resist the adoption of the plurality rule, so long as it is necessary to prevent the election of John Sherman or any endorser of the Helper book.

Mr. Colfax. As the gentleman is so frank, I would ask him whether, if even a majority of the House, or two-thirds, desire to have a vote for or against the plurality rule, he would still resist to prevent such a vote being taken.

Mr. Burnett. The gentlemen who pledged themselves intend to stand by their agreement, let the number be what it may.

EXAMINATION OF RICHARD REALF.—WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Richard Realf, John Brown's Secretary of State, who reached Washington on Tuesday night, with Doorkeeper Jones, of the Senate, was this morning examined by the Harper's Ferry Special Committee. He is reported as highly educated.

He testified that Senator Wilson wrote a letter to Dr. Howe, in 1857 or 1858, stating that he learned from Mr. Forbes that Brown was about to make a raid into some of the Southern States, for the purpose of liberating slaves, and that he would use money furnished him by parties in Massachusetts for the Kansas work to aid him in his new project; and that in his (Wilson's) opinion, it was madness in Brown to attempt such a thing, and that he (Howe) must withdraw all means furnished or intended to be furnished him for services in Kansas, if they were to be misapplied in the manner indicated by Forbes.

Realf testifies that Howe sent a copy of Wilson's letter to Brown, informing the latter that the arms and money which had been furnished him for the protection of the settlers of Kansas, would be withdrawn in consequence of the revelations made by Forbes through Wilson; Brown became enraged, and abandoned his plan for a while, but some time subsequently pursued some pro-slavery men into Missouri, and carried back with him several slaves.

Realf's testimony will not implicate any members of the Republican party in New England, although there are persons who belong to other organizations who may be slightly compromised.

LIABILITY OF RAILROADS IN TRANSPORTING FREIGHT—*Important Decision.*—The New York Court of Appeals has, at its present term, in the case growing out of the great strike upon the Erie Railroad, in which the employees suddenly quit work and left a large quantity of freight upon the line of the road to be got forward as best it might, decided that "a Railroad Company is responsible for damages resulting from a delay to transport freight in the usual time, which was caused by a great number of its servants suddenly and wrongfully refusing to work." Of 193 engineers in the employment of a Railroad Company, 140 suddenly, and by concert, abandoned their engines for the purpose of compelling the Company to consent to a reasonable regulation. Held:—"That although the superior officers were without the slightest fault, the corporation was responsible for the damages caused by a delay in transporting property, which resulted from the strike."

CALIFORNIA POSTAGE.—The Postmaster General has issued an order to the Postmasters of California to transmit overland all letters not marked "by steamer" to or from St. Louis and Memphis by the semi-weekly lines, and to or from New Orleans by way of San Antonio, which is a weekly line. The postage is three cents on a single letter, the distances between these points being less than three thousand miles.

☞ It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.—*Shenstone.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1862	105	—
" " 1867	109	—
" " 1868	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98½	99
" " new	—	102½
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 5 pr ct,	76	—
" " coupon	—	55
All'gy City 6 pr ct	85	75
" County	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	91¼	92
Tenn 6 "	91¼	92
" 5 " coupon	80	82
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	88½	—
Ohio " 1895	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 872-5	1 ¢	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	131	—
Philadelphia	—	118
Bar & Mec	552	56
Commercial	—	49
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	36½	37
Southwark	39	—
P Township	35	36
Kensington	56	60
Girard	451	454
Western	63	64
Man & Mec	26	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	61	—
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	244
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange "	56	—
Kentucky, Ky	115½	—
Northern "	114	—
Louisville "	—	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	95
Planters "	—	108
N O Gas Light	100	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	—	—
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	54½
Bonds	85	87

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	—	100½
2nd "	86½	87
stock	36½	37
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1854	—	95
stock	124	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	80
mort 6's '44	—	93
" 6's '56	68	69
stock	18½	19
Lehigh Valley R R mort 5 pr ct	89	90
stock	—	40
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	38	38
6 pr ct loan, '60	92½	—
Chas Val R R, '73	90½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	83
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	52	53
2nd "	10	10½
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	1	1½
Beaver Meadow stock	35½	36
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	8½	8½
6 pr ct loan	63	—
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	49½	50
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	57½	58
Har & Lan R R stock	35½	—
bonds '82	90	—
L. S-hu-hill R R stock	14	16
Long Island R R stock	11	11½
bonds	63	65
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	57½	—
Mich-an Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	65½	65½
imp 6 pr ct	7½	7½
stock	7	7½
preferred	—	—
Leh gh Nav stock	—	—
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	34	35
Morris Canal'd	48½	49
preferred	110	111½
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
bonds, 1870	27	30

NEWS ITEMS.

The father of ex-Alderman Pridham, of Newark, now 93 years of age, has just cut nearly a full set of teeth, only two or three upper ones remaining to fill up the long vacant space in his gums, and he says that he feels them coming. Mr. P. is very hale and vigorous, notwithstanding his advanced age.

Nice Place for the Nervous.—From recently published data it seems that in Lima, Peru, there are an average of forty-five slight shocks of an earthquake a year.

The "Gallant Zouave."—Captain Henry de la Riviere, "the gallant Zouave," is in reduced circumstances in New York, and Phelan, the billiard man, at the earnest solicitations of Lola Montez, has given him a situation as marker at one of his up town saloons, with a new suit of clothes, and $40 a month.

Iron Works in the United States.—There are 1,555 iron works in the United States—882 furnaces, 488 forges, and 225 rolling mills, which produce annually about 850,000 tons of iron, worth in ordinary years $50,000,000. Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, Iowa, Minnesota, California, and Oregon only have no iron works.

Sir Archibald Alison, in his history of Europe, says that it never rains in Egypt, that centuries may elapse without any rain at all, and that "it has not rained for 1,700 years." M. Jomard, however, shows, by documentary evidence, that these opinions are erroneous. Rain, and heavy rains, with thunder and lightning, though rare visitors, are not strangers in Egypt.

A clergyman of the Church of Scotland has been detected in preaching as his own, the sermon of another clergyman, a Methodist, of some celebrity. But upon examination it was found that the latter reverend gentleman had stolen the same sermon from a volume by the Rev. Dr. Greenwood, of Boston, entitled "Sermons of Consolation."

The Victoria (Oregon) Colonist says that the family of the deceased Col. Ebey have received that gentleman's scalp, recovered at great expense from the Indians, who abstracted it. The colonist speaks of the comfort afforded to the family by the melancholy relic, as the scalp is entire, with all the hair and ears, and the beautifully fine silken brown hair as natural as when struck down by the ruthless tomahawk of the savage.

One Rev. Mr. A. S. Finch published a card, in which he says that while attending the Brockport Camp Meeting, a woman, small in stature, wearing specs, and prepossessing in appearance, appeared, pursued him in a carriage, told him of her esteem and how much she was worth, and induced him to marry her. He consented, the knot was tied, and she, having accomplished his ruin, forsook him, probably to find another victim. Mr. Finch says she served two men in the same way before; one in Canada, and the other in Wisconsin; the latter in a destitute condition. He gives warning that she may not inflict similar outrages again.

A millionaire in Kent, England, and a large landowner, has a daughter upon whom he was prepared to bank his fortune. The young lady was wooed and won by the curate of the parish in which she resided. The reverend gentleman wished to make her his wife, but her father resolutely refused, and eventually she was induced to marry a rich Dutch merchant. Upon her marrying her father settled £100,000 on her. The lady was married four years, and a few weeks ago eloped with her former admirer, the parson.

Yankee Ingenuity.—The Washington States says that not many years ago one of the slave-holding States regarded the clock-peddling traffic within her limits as a crying evil, and exacted a tax so enormous upon every clock that should be thereafter sold within her limits, as to amount to virtual prohibition; but the Yankee was not slow in originating a plan for its successful evasion. He leased the household commodity for a period of 99 years!

Custom Makes Law.—A physician in Indianapolis brought suit against a brother physician for pay for visiting the patients of the latter, at his request. It was shown in evidence that it was usual for physicians to attend each other's patients and make no charge, and it was decided that custom, in such cases, made law, and the complaining physician would have to abide by the regulation.

The lottery system in Maryland will be broken up by the "new code" adopted by the Legislature. The fact has caused, it is said, general rejoicing in Baltimore. Delaware appears to be the only State in this region which braves public opinion in this matter.

Laborers for Mexico.—It is reported that 3,500 men are in New Orleans ready to embark for Vera Cruz. They ostensibly will go thither as laborers on the railroad, long ago projected, from Aranzas Bay to Mazatlan. They will also be a military organization, in order to protect themselves. Juarez, it is said, favors this movement.

The prospect ahead is not very satisfactory. That the Emperor Napoleon has other views, on a grander and more extensive scale, may be inferred from the following anecdote, which is going the round of the papers. M. de Rothschild, speaking to him the other day on the subject of railways, observed that undertakings of that nature were impossible, without security in the present and confidence in the future, and endeavored to elicit from the Emperor his ideas as to existing complications. The latter quietly replied, "*There will be still graver ones when the Turk falls.*"

The Battle of New Orleans.—Did Gen. Jackson use cotton bales to defend the American lines at the battle of New Orleans? This is announced by the Delta in giving an account of an incident with which the name of the late General Planche was connected, and which, having been made the text of one of the most invincible errors that have ever crept into history, is a striking illustration of the difficulty of arresting a false statement which happens to interest the fancy of mankind. Nothing was ever more transparently absurd than the idea which is embodied in nearly all the histories, poems and pictures relating to the battle of New Orleans, than the assertion that the mound behind which Jackson's army was entrenched was composed of cotton bales. The Delta says the only basis of this story was the attempt of some young soldiers, in the rivalry which sprang up after they had occupied the line of Rodriguez Canal, to increase the height and breadth of the parapet in front of them by throwing in a few cotton bales. Others, too, were used to form the embrasures for the guns. These bales had been thrown out of a flat-boat, which had come down to Jackson's camp with flour, pork and other supplies, and were lying on the levee. They were a portion of a lot which had been consigned to Major Planche, and had been sold by him to Vincent Nolte.—The speculative efforts of the latter financier no doubt contributed to give form and accuracy to this story. He set up a preposterous claim for this cotton after the war, and to maintain it, set on foot the story of the great service it had rendered. We are pleased to see that in a recently published and highly-spirited poetical description of the battle of the 8th of January, by Thomas Dunn English, this vulgar fiction is very effectually disposed of:

> No cotton bales before us
> Some fool that story told;
> Before us was an earthwork,
> Built from the swampy mould.

Major Planche, by the orders of General Jackson, as soon as it was discovered that a few bales of cotton had been used in making the parapet, and that they greatly endangered the strength of the works, and exposed the ammunition to explosion by the flying particles of burning lint, had the bales taken out and thrown into the river.

Illinois has 2,850 miles of railroad, an increase of 808 miles since 1856. This is more than any other State in the Union. Ohio comes next, with 2,064 miles of road in operation.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & L NG, Nos. 21 and 23 Ann Street, New York.
H. DEXTER & CO., Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 98 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & JOHNSON, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
E. P. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There is no quotable change in the market, but with an absence of the speculative demand for Flour, noticed a week or two ago, and a very limited inquiry, both for shipment and home use, the market has ruled exceedingly dull, during the entire week, and only some 4000 bbls have found buyers, part for export, at $5,50@5,62½ for superfine, and $5,75@6 for common and choice extras, closing with more sellers than buyers at these rates: 200 bbls fine middlings also sold at $4,25, and 300 bbls mixed superfine, slightly damaged, sold by auction at from $3 to $4,50 ₱ bbl. The sales to the trade have been to a limited extent, within the range of $5,50@6 and $7 ₱ bbl for superfine, extras and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is offered freely at $4,25, but there is little or no demand for it. Corn Meal is not inquired for, and Pennsylvania meal is held at $3,75, a small sale of Brandywine was made on terms kept private, and 200 bbls damaged do. sold by auction at $2,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little Wheat offering or selling, the bulk of stock being held above the views of buyers, who are not disposed to operate in the present dull condition of the Flour market; sales include only about 15,000 bus, in lots, at 133@136c for fair to prime reds, and 140@150c for white, as in quality. Of Rye the receipts and sales are also light and the market firm at 93c for Penna, and 90c for Delaware. Corn has been in limited request only at previous quoted rates, and the market closes dull, with sales of 16,000 bus new Southern and Penna yellow, mostly of the former at 76@77c, in store and afloat, including white at 72@74c, and old yellow, which is lower, at 80c, in store. Oats are rather dull and some 15,000 bus Penna sold at 44@46c, as in quality, mostly at 45c for prime lots, in store. Barley and Barley Malt continue steady, with further sales of the former at 80c, and of the latter at 90c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally continues quiet, but without any change to note in prices, and dressed Hogs are selling at $6¾@7 ₱ 100 lbs. Barrelled meats are but little inquired for; Mess Pork is held at $17½ and city Mess Beef at $14@15 ₱ bbl, without finding buyers, except in a small way. Bacon is selling slowly at 11½@12½c for Hams; 9½@10c for Sides, and 7½@8c for Shoulders. Green meats are also selling slowly at 10@10½c for Hams, 6½@9c for Sides, 6½@7c for Shoulders. Lard remains quiet, bbls selling as wanted at 10½@11c, and kegs at 11½@12c. Butter is dull, roll being offered at 14@17c, packed at 10@12c, and but little selling. Cheese is steady at 10@11c ₱ lb. Eggs are rather slow of sale at 20c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The stock is very much reduced, and holders have put up their prices ¼c ₱ lb, since the close of last week; the demand, however, is limited at the advance, and about 1000 bales have been taken by manufacturers at from 10¼ to 12½@13¼c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK is wanted, and all the fine ground No 1 Quercitron offered sold at $27 ₱ ton; there is very little arriving. In Tanners' Bark there is no change, and little or nothing doing.

BEESWAX continues in good demand at an advance, and good yellow would readily command 38c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is no change in prices, but the demand is only to supply the wants of the trade, and there are no orders coming in.

COFFEE—Holders are firm in their views, and the stock light, but only some 2500 bags Rio have been taken at 11½@12¼c for fair to prime quality; 500 bags Laguayra at 12½@13c, all on time, and 100 bags Java, by auction, at 14¼c ₱ lb.

COPPER is dull, but there is no change in the quotations of either Sheathing or Yellow Metal.

FEATHERS are very dull, and good Western sell slowly at 47@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are moderate, at 6½@7½c for Dried Apples, and 8@14c ₱ lb for Peaches; Green Apples are selling at $3@4, and Cranberries at $7@14 ₱ bbl, as in quality.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb $2@2,50; Rocky Mt., $3@3,50. Muskrat Skin, 15@20c; Nutria do, 30@45c; Raccoon do, 25@60c.

HEMP—There is little or nothing doing to alter quotations, which rule about stationary.

HIDES are arriving more freely, and holders are firm in their views, but we hear of no sales this week.

HOPS are in limited request, and Eastern and Western sell as wanted, at 12@16c ₱ lb.

IRON—The demand for all kinds is limited and prices about the same; the only sale we hear of is 600 tons Anthracite No 2 for spring delivery at $22, on time, store prices range at $23@23½ for No 1; $22@22½ for No 2, on time. Scotch Pig is held at $25 ex-ship, but buyers offer less, and we hear of no sales. Blooms and Boiler Plates are dull. Bars and Rails are without alteration and a limited business doing; there is some little inquiry, however, to note for the latter.

LEAD is firm, and an arrival of about 1000 pigs Galena has been disposed of on terms kept private.

LEATHER—Slaughter is wanted and bringing full prices. For other kinds the demand is moderate.

LUMBER continues dull, the season being over; the market is without any alteration.

MOLASSES is dull and there have been some small sales of New Orleans only made public at 52c, usual terms. Two cargoes sour Cuba remain on the market unsold.

SEEDS—There has been a steady demand for Clover seed during the past week, and prices are fairly maintained, the market, however, closing less active. Sales comprise some 3000 bus in lots at from $5 to 5,50 for common to choice, mostly at $5,25@5,37½ ₱ bus for good and prime lots. Some recleaned Seed sold at 8½@8¾c ₱ lb. Timothy is wanted, but there is little or none offering, and we quote it at $2,50 ₱ bus. Of Flaxseed the receipts and sales are light, and the prices of domestic steady at $1,58 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is a limited business doing in foreign, but holders of brandies are very firm in their views. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 36c. Whiskey has been unsettled and lower, hhds selling at 23@23½c, drudge 22@23c, Pennsylvania bbls 24@24½c, and Western do at 25@25½c closing, however, with a little more firmness on the part of holders.

SUGARS—The want of stock limits operations, and the market has been very quiet this week, the sales being confined to about 300 boxes Cuba brown, mostly at 7¾c, on time.

TALLOW—There is no change in prices, but city rendered sells slowly at 10½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet and prices about the same as last quoted, the demand being only in a small way to supply the trade.

WOOL—There is very little doing, the stocks in the dealers' hands are light, but the manufacturers generally are well supplied, and the sales are mostly in a small way within the range of quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2200 head. For a few lots of extra fine cattle 10c were realized, but the ruling figures were from 7 to 9c for good and ordinary lots. Sheep—5500 head arrived, and sold at from 5 to 5½c gross; equal to 10@11c dressed. Cows—60 at market, and selling at from $25 to 60, according to quality.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1050 head were at market, and sold at $7 to 8 ₱ 100 lbs according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 21.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; 9500 bbls sold; State $5,10@5,15; Ohio $5,70@5,75; Southern $5,50@5,75. Wheat dull and nominally lower. Corn heavy; 5000 bus sold; new yellow 80c. Pork buoyant; sales at $16,50@16,62½. Lard steady. Whiskey dull at 25½c.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Dec. 25th, 1859, by the Rev. William Jay, Miss Ann Harper, of West Milton, Miami City, Ohio, to Mr. Samuel Folkenberger, of the same place.

On the morning of the 17th instant, at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. Chas. D. Cooper, Mr. Robert B. Fulenwider, to Miss Nina H. daughter of G. P. Herse, Esq. both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Farrell, Mr. Horace B. Taylor, of this city, to Miss Teresa G. Kavanagh, of New York.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Joseph W. Gordon, late of Milford, Del. to Miss Rebecca Jane, daughter of Jas. Harrington, of this city. Delaware papers please copy.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. N. Husted, Mr. Elijah Hunsten, of this city, to Miss Annie R. Fisher, of Bridgeton, N. J. Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio papers please copy.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. Thomas Bromley, to Miss Annie E. Hendrickson, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. John J. Murray, Mr. Joseph Young, to Miss Sallie Fleming.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday, Jan. 17th, Henry Du Barry Bayard, son of John Bayard, Jr. formerly of this city, now of Paris, in his 37th year.

On the 18th instant, Horatio Burkhart, in his 35th year.

At Beverly, N. J. on the 17th instant, Thomas F. Gordon, formerly of this city, in his 76th year.

In this city, on the 14th instant, of pneumonia, Mr. Andrew C. Wilson, of Yazoo city, Mississippi, in his 22d year.

Early on Monday morning, the 16th instant, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Frederick Wolbert, Esq.

At Nashville, Tenn. on the morning of the 15th instant, Charles A. H. Irvin, of this city.

On the 17th instant, Ann Eliza, daughter of the late John Graff, Esq.

On Monday evening, Jan. 16th, Mrs. Maggie H. wife of Dr. A. F. Heston, of Fredericksburg, Va. formerly of this city, in her 33d year. Chester county papers please copy.

On the 16th instant, William B. Wise, in his 27th year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. Caroline E. wife of Wm Mullison, Alyria (Ohio) papers please copy.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		**South Carolina.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
New Jersey.		**Alabama.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Delaware		**Mississippi.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Maryland.		**Louisiana.**	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Ohio.**	
New York.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	**Kentucky.**	
Maine.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Indiana.**	
New Hampshire.		State bank	¼ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Illinois.**	
Vermont.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Missouri.**	
Connecticut.		Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Massachusetts.		Old bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Michigan.**	
Rhode Island.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Virginia.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	**Texas.**	
Dist. of Columbia.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Canada.**	
North Carolina.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis		
Georgia.			
Solv bks	1 dis		

THE ART JOURNAL.—LONDON.—The January number of this popular work commences a new volume, and contains, in addition to its usual attractions, a NEW SERIES OF PAPERS, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE COURSE OF THE HUDSON, FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA, by Benson J. Lossing, profusely illustrated with original engravings on wood from actual sketches taken in the Autumn of the past year. THE COMPANION GUIDE BY RAILWAY IN SOUTH WALES. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Illustrated by J. D. Harding, Birkett Foster, &c., &c.

THE TURNER GALLERY.—Ere long the subscribers to THE ART JOURNAL will obtain engravings from pictures by this great master. THE ART JOURNAL is a work especially suited for connoisseurs, artists, and all lovers of the Fine Arts. Each number contains three large Steel Engravings, and numerous illustrations on wood. Subscriptions, $3 per year, or 75 cts. per month. VIRTUE CO., jan28-2t No. 26 John Street, New York.

BE NOT STIFF NECKED, and Reject Not What Experience Teaches.—Fevers, Sore Throats, Agues, Rheumatism, Dropsies, Bilious Affections, Headaches, all Affections of the Stomach and Bowels, both of a costive and dysenteric character, and all the maladies of women and children, have been cured by the use of Brandreth's Pills. To tell you that I have paid two millions of dollars to make this truth known, is of itself an astounding fact; and yet never was a truer word spoken. And what is the result? Why, that about three million persons in the United States partially believe in their efficacy, and have a general idea of the benefits to be derived from purgation in sickness. But what a field for philanthropy! What millions remain to be converted! And let me say that this knowledge is second only to Christianity in the benefits it is capable of conferring on mankind. Let not medical men persuade you that Brandreth's Pills are a quack remedy. It is no such thing. What I sell you for two shillings these men could not supply for a dollar. My herbs and extracts are all prepared in my own laboratory, where a steam engine of one hundred and forty horse power is employed exclusively for this purpose, besides an extensive water power.—In using these Pills you risk nothing, for they have been used by millions; so that should you feel disposed to take a sly dose, you will be able certainly to live through the operation; and you may have the laugh on your side when the doctor tells you that he hit your case exactly with that last medicine. Go on in the use of the Pills. They will cure you without hurting your teeth or gums, and in every way improve your health.

Sold at 294 Canal Street, Brandreth Building, New York; by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 218 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. jan28-2t

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF A VICTIM: Designed for the Benefit and as a Warning and a Caution to YOUNG MEN WHO SUFFER FROM NERVOUS DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY, &c., as a consequence of early errors; supplying at the same time the Means of Self-Cure. By a sufferer from the above cause and from medical imposition and quackery.

Single copies (mailed free) on receiving a post-paid envelope, bearing the address of the applicant. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y. dec10-13t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance

☞ ONLY $1,25 A YEAR ☜
IN CLUBS OF FOUR.

THE LEADING TWO DOLLAR MAGAZINE

ARTHUR'S LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, FOR 1860.

VOLUMES XV. AND XVI.

EDITED BY
T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL LITERATURE, ART, MORALS, HEALTH, FASHIONS, and DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

CONTENTS OF FEBRUARY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"OLIVE PLANTS," an Elegant Steel Engraving.
BEAUTIFUL COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE.
26 ENGRAVINGS OF FASHIONS, NEEDLE-WORK, &c., &c.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

THE ROMANCE OF A BOUQUET. By Paul Laurie.
SCENES IN MY HOUSEHOLD. No. II.—A Day Lost. No. III.—The Beggar Woman
ISABEL ARNOLD'S LIFE.
SOME UNSUSPECTED HOUSE PLANTS.
AFTER THE STORM. Chapters III., IV., V., and VI.
IMAGINATION.
MOONRISE.
GRACE PALMER'S JOURNAL. By Virginia F. Townsend.
CHINESE SCHOOL.
LETTERS TO THE GIRLS. No. II.
AN AUTHOR'S RECREATION.
EASE AND COMPETENCE NOT FAVORABLE TO GREAT LITERARY ACHIEVEMENT.
MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT:
A Better Way.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY:
The Little Girl at the Palings—The Little Philosopher: or Optical Amusements, (with five Illustrations.)
HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS:
To Relieve a Cough—Raised Berlin Work—Material for Tracing on Muslin—Exeter Gingerbread—Fruit Cake without Eggs—Good Pumpkin Pie without Eggs—Delicious Drop Cake—Winchester Pudding.
TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE:
NEW PUBLICATIONS:
EDITORS' DEPARTMENT:
"No Use Trying"—The Days are Beginning to Lengthen—Reading Aloud—Not by Goethe—"Olive Plants"—The Little Pilgrim—Books by Mail.

TERMS:

TWO DOLLARS a year, in advance.

Two Copies for one year, $3.

Four Copies for one year, $5.

All additional subscribers above four at the same rate, that is, $1,25 per annum. Where twelve subscribers and $15 are sent, the getter up of the Club will be entitled to an additional copy of the Magazine.

☞ Those who send smaller clubs, will be entitled to the extra copy by making additions thereto until the number reaches twelve.

☞ It is not required that all the subscribers to a Club be at the same Post-office.

☞ *Specimen numbers sent to all who wish to subscribe or make up Clubs.*

CLUBBING.

Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book, one year, $3,50.

Home Magazine and Harper's Magazine, one year, $3,50.

Home Magazine and Saturday Evening Post, $3.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut St., Philada.

THE NEW YORK PICAYUNE

Is now in the TENTH YEAR of its existence, and is the best Weekly Comic Paper published in America. For the present year a large corps of well known humorists have been engaged, the proprietor being determined to keep up the well merited reputation of the PICAYUNE. One number contains

ENOUGH LAUGHTER FOR A WEEK!

The PICAYUNE is only four cents a number, or one dollar for six months' subscription. A liberal allowance made to clubs.

ROBERT GUN, Editor and Proprietor, Jan28-4t No. 181 William St., New York.

FIFTY LESSONS IN SINGING. For the Middle Register of the Voice, by J. Concone. In two parts, each $1,50. Complete, bound in cloth, $3,00.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 Washington St., Boston.

WHISKERS IN SIX WEEKS.—Yes, my magical ONGUENT will force the beard or mustache or hair to grow luxuriantly within that time, without stain or injuring the skin. Price $1. Sent to any address by mail free.

R. G. GRAHAM. It 109 Nassau St., New York.

Palmer's PATENT LEG & ARM STUDIO 1520 LATE 378 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent.*

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great Medals of the World's Exhibitions in London and New York. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER, oct6-1y 376 Chestnut St., Phila.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY!

A TRUSTWORTHY AGENT in every State in the Union, to introduce new and valuable Inventions. $50 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES PAID! Permanent Employment given. For an Outfit and Instructions, address, with stamps for return postage, H. B. CARTER & CO., dec31-6t Diamond Block, Boston, Mass

AMERICAN WATCHES
MADE BY THE
AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY,
AT
WALTHAM, MASS.

Attention is invited to the following statement and the accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials of these celebrated Watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the Massachusetts Mechanical Association, 1856.

A gold medal was also awarded them by the American Institute at New York, in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These Watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested *as to accuracy, durability,* and *reliability,* in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory time-pieces ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, *mathematically correct in all its proportions,* and, necessarily, as perfect a time keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their Watches in many instances, by *actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best Marine Chronometer.* The following certificates are from gentlemen who have carried their Watches with them in their daily avocations, and are therefore, reliable indications of what may be expected from the American Watch when in ordinary active use:

Letter from Paul Morphy, the Celebrated Chess-Player.

New York, October 15th, 1859.

Mr. R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Comp'ny.

Dear Sir:—The American Watch, No. 9240 presented me by the New York Chess Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 3d, correctly.

June 15, fast 4 seconds.		Aug. 16, fast 12 seconds.	
July 1, " 6	"	Sept. 1, " 23	"
July 15, " 10	"	Sept. 25, " 28	"
Aug. 1, " 16	"	Oct. 1, " 32	"

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly. PAUL MORPHY.

Boston, Sept. 27th, 1859.

Mr. R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:

Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch, which I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, varied not more than two seconds, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms.

Yours truly JAMES H. CLAPP
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Browne, Bankers, Boston.

Wilton Bluff, S. C., Oct. 20th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—The three watches of your manufacture which I purchased to be used on my plantation, have proved to be the most correct time keepers I have ever known. I gave my head servant, my head carpenter; and my head engineer each, one of them; and since they have been in their respective possession everything on the plantation has moved like clock-work, in consequence of the extreme accuracy and regularity with which these watches perform.

Truly yours, LEWIS MORRIS.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry Street,
New York, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:

Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supercede all others. JAMES FLOY, D. D.

Boston, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:

Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in stating that the American watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty seconds fast per month.

Capt. GORHAM H. BASSETT.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:

Dear Sir:—The watch I bought of you—one of your adjusted Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the hardest service in every way in point of locomotion.

Yours truly, C. C. SHEAFE.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. Robbins, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 6939, has proved itself one the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours,
G. A. FULLER,
Conductor New Haven, Hartford and Springfield R. R

Newtonville, Aug. 20th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:

Dear Sir:—The American watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months.

Yours truly, WM. B. SPEAR.

CAUTION.—As our Watch is now extensively counterfeited by foreign manufacturers, we have to inform the public that no watch is of our production which is unaccompanied by a *certificate of genuineness,* bearing the number of the watch, and signed by our Treasurer, R. E. ROBBINS, or by our predecessors, APPLETON, TRACY & CO.

☞ As these Watches are for sale by Jewelers generally throughout the Union, we do not solicit orders for single Watches. For the American Watch Company

ROBBINS & APPLETON, General Agents, 182 Broadway, New York.

CARRIAGES
OF THE MANUFACTURE OF
WILLIAM D. ROGERS.
REPOSITORY,
1009 AND 1011 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
MANUFACTORY,
N. W. Corner of Sixth and Master Streets.
ap30-tf

BRICK PRESSES and CLAY TEMPERING MACHINES, manufactured at No. 309 S. Fifth St., Philada. jan28-3t S. P. MILLER.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—We have one of the Greatest Curiosities and Most Valuable Inventions in the known world, for which we want Agents everywhere. Full particulars sent FREE dec31-13t SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me

TWO MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVINGS.
FALLS OF NIAGARA.
GIVING VIEWS
OF THE
AMERICAN AND CANADA SIDES,
BY JAMES HAMILTON,
The Celebrated American Marine Painter.

These Engravings are each 18 by 32 Inches, and are executed in the highest style of the art, on steel, from the original drawings.

They will be sent to subscribers securely placed on rollers, postage pre-paid, on the receipt of Five Dollars for the pair.

JOHN M. BUTLER, Publisher,
242 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADA., PA.
may28-tf

NEW VOLUMES!

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL: Devoted to Hydropathy, its Philosophy and Practice; to Physiology and Anatomy; and those Laws which govern Life and Health. Illustrated with numerous appropriate Engravings. $1 a year.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to all those Progressive measures for the Elevation and Improvement of Mankind. Amply illustrated with Portraits of the Virtuous and of Notorious Criminals, also of all the Races. $1 a year.

☞ Both of the above will be sent a year for $2. Subscriptions may commence any time. New Volumes begin this January, 1860.

Address FOWLER AND WELLS, jan21-3t 308 Broadway, New York.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, aug13-tf 181 William St., N. Y.

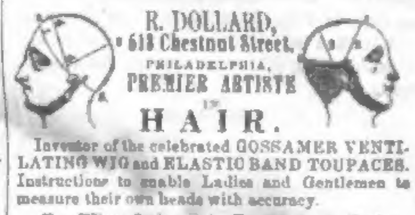
HUSBAND'S
CALCINED MAGNESIA
Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.
A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer, oct1-tf THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Phila.

HARD TIMES NO MORE.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $15 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO., oct30-tf 41 North Sixth St., Philada.

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau St., New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf



R. DOLLARD,
618 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov8-sowly

WINCHESTER & CO.,
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE,
AND
PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT
MANUFACTORY,
AT THE OLD STAND,
NO. 108 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADA.

☞ Gentlemen will be furnished with a formula for measurement for Shirts and Drawers on application by mail. oct8-sowly

$1.—For One Dollar we will send by mail, postage paid, one Ladies' Needle-work Companion, one Needle Threader, one Worsted Threader, one Pen Ink Fountain, and one Door Fastener. Agents wanted, to sell the above and other useful patented articles. Profits large. Address, with Post-office stamp, J. J. HINGLE & CO., Jan14-tf 218 Walnut St., Philadn., Pa.

TWO WORKS, VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL, sent by mail. No pay expected until received, read and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, N. Y.

1st. SIX LECTURES on the Cause, Prevention and Cure of Lung, Throat and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, and Male and Female Complaints; on the mode of Preserving Health to One Hundred Years. 360 pages, 21 eng

Wit and Humor.

THREATENED DISTURBANCE.

After the Manner of the Daily Papers.

Just as we were going to press, a rumor reached us that a violent riot was brewing in the vicinity of Greene street. We immediately despatched a reporter to the spot, with instructions to spare no expense in obtaining a full and particular account of the impending disturbance.

LETTER FROM OUR REPORTER.

Greene Street, 10 o'clock.

SIR:—I have arrived at Greene street, the whole of which is in a violent state of commotion, and have hired a small boy and a cart-wheel. The first, for the purpose of taking this letter to you; the second, to enable me to get a good view of the scene. Please send me half a ream of foolscap, and a dozen pencils, as I am determined to report this affair most carefully.

G. W. M.

THE RIOT.

Half-past 10 *o'clock.*

A man has just passed me, blowing upon a tin horn, followed by a horse and cart. No doubt he is calling upon his companions to arm. A woman in a very excited state, has just emerged from a house on the east side of Greene street, and is pursuing the man.

Twenty-six minutes to 11.

She has caught up with the man; after some few minutes' conversation, she returned to the house, holding in her hand a fish.

12 *o'clock.*

No disturbance yet. I hope there will not be any for half an hour, as I'm going to lunch.

1 *o'clock.*

Greene street is tranquil. I have taken up my quarters in a corner liquor store, from which point of observation I have the whole range of Greene street for half a block. If anything of interest occurs, I will immediately send it you.

6 *o'clock.*

Greene street is still tranquil. So am I, and am going home to supper.

THE CAUSE OF THE THREATENED DISTURBANCE.

It appears that Mrs. Brown's Billy, who resides with his mother in a tenement house on Greene street, was playing with Mrs. Jones's little boy Tommy, who also resides with his mother in the same house. A dispute arose between these two scions of the noble houses of Brown and Jones, relative to the ownership of a marble. Master Billy, in a moment of passion, applied his fist to the eye of Master Tommy, who immediately commenced a most dismal howling.

Mrs. Jones, upon hearing the noise, rushed to the rescue of her son, armed with a rolling pin, and began dusting Master Billy's jacket. Mrs. Jones would in all probability have gained the day, had not reinforcements of the enemy arrived in the form of Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Jones, seeing that affairs were likely to take a different turn, ingloriously retreated, pursued by the enemy to her door, which, by a dexterous manœuvre, she managed to slam in the face of her opponents.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Peace has been proclaimed. Both ladies have sworn eternal friendship; Master Billy has visited the corner liquor store with an empty lemon soda bottle several times, and returned with it filled with a dark red liquor, expressly intended for the cementing of the friendship.

THE VERY LATEST.

15 *minutes past* 7.

I have gone home. —*N. Y. Picayune.*

SWAPPING HORSES.

Old Ben Gray was an old toper, and Old Ball was his favorite horse. Now Old Ball was a famous good riding-horse, and the eye of every jockey in the neighborhood had been attracted by his fine points; but Old Ben knew the value of Old Ball too well to part with him. When he was top-heavy what horse could carry him so steadily as Old Ball; or, when entirely overweighted, would so carefully select a soft, sandy spot for the rider to fall on, and then so patiently wait until sleep brought sobriety? So the efforts of the jockeys to swop or trade him out of Old Ball had been in vain. But one day Old Ball failed to select a spot free of stones for Old Ben to drop on, or became impatient for his feed and left, or in some other way angered his owner, who straightway swapped with his neighbor Jones, receiving as "boot," a "mint drop" of the Benton stamp and the largest denomination. But before the day was over Old Ben sorely repented himself of his trade. Besides being "chiseled" absolutely in the trade, how *could* he get on without Old Ball? But Gray knew Jones, and he knew Jones knew Old Ball; and he further knew that there was no chance of getting Old Ball back unless he played his game "mighty silky."

Old Ben matured his plan, and then mounted his "Jones hoss," and timed his departure from the court-green so as to pass Jones just as he was unhitching Old Ball from the tree to which he had been tied during the day. Reining in his horse, he drawled out.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, this morning, when I was a tradin' Old Ball to you, I reckon I was a little drunk, and I didn't tell you of one of Old Ball's tricks. Now I don't want anybody hurt by anything I done; and now I just want to tell you of ever you come to a river, and Old Ball takes a notion to lie down in the water, just you get right off, for Old Ball's a gwine to do it *certain*."

Jones, of course, declared himself cheated in the trade, and claimed drawbacks for damages. But Old Ben said he only warranted Old Ball sound, "an' Old Ball is jes' as sound as a Mexican dollar, an' jes you break him of that little trick, an' he's jes' as good as any man's hoss."

Finally, after Jones's proposal to "run" had been rejected by Gray, a new swap was agreed on, the Jones hoss for Old Ball even, Gray retaining the X.

Accordingly, bridles and saddles were changed, and each man mounted his own horse, when Old Ben gave Jones another piece of information about Old Ball.

"Mr. Jones," said he, "there's jes' one other thing about this hoss I'd like to tell you: as long as I've been riding Old Ball he *never yet* did take that notion!"

THE FRENCHMAN'S TRUNK.

In the days of coaching over the Providence turnpike, before railroad cars were in use, and baggage crates existed, and when travellers had to keep a sharp look-out for their luggage, some forty or fifty passengers had just stepped aboard of the old "Ben Franklin," and got underweigh on Narragansett Bay. A man who had occasion to get some of his wardrobe, had hauled out from an immense pile of baggage, stowed amidships, a new black leather trunk of portly dimensions, studded with brass nails, when a little withered Frenchman, of a motley complexion, and fashionably dressed, darted from the crowd and interposed between our friend and his property, exclaiming, courteously, but positively—

"I beg your pardon, sare—mais pardones moi—you have got ze wrong cochon by ze oreille—zat is my trunk!"

"Not so, Monsieur—I hope that I know my own traps."

"Restez tranquille—hold on—one instant, I will prove my props—aha! you see key, eh!" Applying it to the lock, he threw up the lid, and then struck a triumphant attitude. "My key unlock your trunk, eh!—tell me zat!"

"Stand out of the way! It is my trunk, I tell you."

"Hold on von leetle minute! Is zose your shirts, eh?"

"To be sure they are."

"Zose your trowzaries, eh?"

"Certainly."

"Vait a moment! I will prove my props, sare," and rummaging beneath a pile of shirts and socks, he produced a bottle, and said, deliberately, with a hideous grin, "Is zat your botteel of Domfree's Ish (itch) Ointment, sare, eh? Have you got von leetle ish? Zis your remede for ze lepros (leprosy), eh? Ah! I knew it vas my trunk!"

It is needless to say our friend immediately "opened a wide gap" between himself and the interesting victim of two of the most unpopular disorders known to suffering humanity.

SATAN FOILED.—Satan, although considered rather sharp than otherwise, has been served some very cute tricks. Among the rest, we have heard of a poor cobbler who made a league with him, and after enjoying every earthly blessing, he was waited upon at the end of the term by his brimstone majesty, who demanded his soul. The cobbler took a sharp knife, and ripping off the sole of his shoe, threw it at the feet of his illustrious guest.

"What does this mean?" cried the latter.

"Look at the contract!" was the reply of the cobbler.

Satan examined the contract, and found that the word was spelt SOUL, which only entitled him to the piece of leather. He turned on his heel, and went off scratching his head; and he has been called "Old Scratch" ever since.

Agricultural.

FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.

Fifteen years ago, perhaps, in the month of June, a drover received of my father permission to bait a flock of sheep a few hours.—When the sheep were removed, a few of them were inadvertently left. These were afterwards observed to be lame, but as very little was then known of foot-rot, the circumstance caused no alarm. The infection communicated to the sheep on the farm, these strays being turned with them, and it became apparent that there was serious trouble ahead, the flock then numbering several hundred.

On inquiring as to what should be done, we were told to clean and pare the hoofs, and apply an ointment made of lard and blue vitriol. At it we went, in the expectation of soon eradicating the disease from the flock. Good results uniformly followed the application, but somehow they would not *stay* cured. Get the flock apparently quite well; in a short time the disease would rage as badly as before. I shall not soon forget the dreary days and even months of hard labor doctoring sheep—the work made disagreeable beyond measure by the offensive odor of decaying hoofs, and the disgusting sight of crawling vermin without number.

At last it was decided that to eradicate it from the flock was the next thing to an impossibility, and that it was best to sell out. To get the sheep in condition for profitable sale, was the next step, and, having become heartily sick of handling and paring, I devised an easier method of keeping the malady sufficiently at bay to allow the sheep opportunity to get in suitable order for the market. I first made an inclosure on a dry, clean grass plot, and an aperture therefrom just wide enough to admit the egress of the flock, single file. Then placed in this opening, on the ground, a water tight box or trough of same width, and three or four feet long, so protected on the sides and above as to force the sheep to step into the box.—Then, in dry weather, when the hoofs of the animals were clean, a weak solution of vitriol was put in the box to the depth of two or three inches, and the sheep were turned into the yard and made to pass through. In this way, without touching a sheep, or without severe labor of any kind, a flock of considerable size received cheaply an application to each foot, which would so check the disease for a season that it would not materially interfere with their thrift. This practice was continued throughout the summer, as often as the case required, until the entire flock were fitted and sold for the shambles.

During a period of three or four years that the malady was on the farm, it seemed to communicate its virus to the soil, and actually to taint the productions of the ground. In proof of this, I purchased a flock of 120 sound ewes in February, and put them where no hoof had been since the fall previous. The sheep thrived well and evidenced no disease; but their lambs were not a month old before scores of them became so lame as actually to slide along on the grass upon their knees. From the lambs the infection extended to the dams, and necessitated a second clearing off of the entire flock. I had a *theory* in regard to it, as follows:—The soil and the hay growing thereon retained such a taint that a half winter's freezing did not wholly neutralize it; and this poisoned the blood of the ewes too slightly to manifest itself in their tougher natures, but sufficiently to break out virulently in the more tender and susceptible progeny. Else why should the disease have first appeared among the lambs?

It is possible that this disease is not so malignant throughout the country now, as it was with the winter fifteen years ago; but if it anywhere is so, as a practical conclusion I [illegible] any considerable flock to

1st—Sell out as quickly as possible; and,

2nd—To *stay* sold out till at least one year's growth of the farm has been gathered and consumed.—*Rural New Yorker.*

MANAGING AND FEEDING WORKING OXEN.—Oxen working on a stone-drag, on the foot of a plough, on the sled tongue, cart spire, or twitching stones or timber, should carry their heads up, as this enables them to do this work much easier; those that work as leaders, forward of other oxen, should carry their heads low, and have the yoke the right length, let the bows suit the neck; the yoke and bows to the leaders should set a little snugger than the nib oxen. Never use the whip but from necessity. When about to strike the young steer or ox, ask yourself, "Will he know what I strike him for!" Let each ox have a name, and be sure he knows his name. Never speak a word to an ox without meaning; have a particular word to start your team by, that all may pull together. Never hurry your team while riding behind them, lest they learn to haul apart. The best feed for oxen at hard work, is to give to each two quarts of meal, wet, mixed with good chopped hay, three times a day, and as much hay as he will eat; this is the highest feed working oxen ought to have, and on this they will work every day. —*N. E. Farmer.*

SAW-DUST FOR ORCHARDS.—A year last fall, I hauled a load of old rotten "saw-dust," and threw it around my young apple trees. My neighbor over the way is one of those characters who plods on, in the same old track that his father and grandfather did before him, believing that they know all, and more too. My neighbor said, if I put saw-dust around my trees I should surely kill them! I told him I would risk it, "any how." I put fresh stable manure around one row, and saw-dust, around the next. Around another row I put leached ashes. And the remainder of the orchard I manured with rotten barn-yard manure, and in the spring spread it, and well planted the ground with corn and potatoes. The result was, many trees grew very luxuriantly, but the trees where the saw-dust was grew the best, the bark being smoother, and the trees had a healthier appearance. I will state, also, that that part of the orchard planted to potatoes grew greatly better than that part planted with corn. The soil was clay loam.

MAKING WINTER BUTTER.—Immediately after milking, strain your milk into tin pans, and put it into or on your cooking-stove until the milk is quite scalding hot, then remove it to a shelf or cupboard adjoining your kitchen with a temperature of from 60° to 70°. Skim it within three days. You may keep the cream, if necessary, two weeks or more. To a quantity of cream sufficient for ten pounds of butter, put in the juice of two or three fair sized orange carrots. Then churn from ten to twenty minutes, with your cream at a temerature of 55° to 60°, and see if you do not succeed in making good, sweet, yellow butter, worth 25 to 30 cents per pound.

For many years I have made butter through the entire winter, of as rich fragrance and aroma as can well be made in June or September. Try it.—*N. E. Farmer.*

OH YES!

OBER GENT.—"Is that beast dangerous, John?"

JOHN.—"Well, I guess not. It haint gored anyone since last Saturday. But if it does come to that, we can just jump over this fence!"

COOKING FOOD FOR SWINE.

Can any one answer the following questions:—Taking equal weights, what is the difference between Indian corn, dry and whole, and meal thoroughly cooked by boiling, for making pork? Or the difference between common corn and raw meal, or between raw and cooked meal, for the same purpose?

It would be desirable, in the first place, to know the quantity of raw corn required to make a given quantity of pork. We are aware that this must depend much on circumstances—such as the natural tendency of the hog to fatten, and the situation in which the animal is placed in regard to all the conditions which promote the secretion of fat. An amount of food which would fatten an animal when placed in a comfortable pen, might no more than supply the waste of the body under exposure to cold and wet, where quietude and comfort could not be enjoyed. Still it would be practicable to do something towards the settlement of this question, by careful experiments under similar circumstances.

In a report made by a committee of the Essex Agricultural Society in 1846, we find the following:—

"It is believed by your committee that pork can be raised for six cents a pound when corn is sixty cents a bushel, at seven cents a pound when it is seventy cents a bushel, and so on, either way, one cent a pound on the pork and ten cents a bushel on the corn. And this conclusion is drawn from the fact that a good thrifty hog, that will eat four quarts of corn a day, will gain a pound and a half of pork in a day."

The deduction from the above rule is, that a bushel of corn will make twelve pounds of pork, or six ounces to the quart. The committee do not state whether this calculation is based on corn in a whole and raw state, or meal cooked. If on the former, it strikes us that the proportion of pork is as large as could be expected.

We call attention to this matter at this time, from having lately seen an article by C. M. Clay, of Kentucky, in which from experiments he has made, he comes to the following conclusions:—

"In making pork, one bushel of dry corn made 5 pounds and 5-16ths of pork; boiled corn, 15 pounds and 7-16ths; and boiled meal made, in one instance, 16 pounds and 7-16ths, and in another, nearly 18 pounds of pork. According to this the several values are:—Dry corn is worth 45 cents, boiled corn $1.15½, and boiled meal from $1.31½ to $1.44, where pork is worth 8 cents per pound. Or, one bushel of corn ground is worth three bushels of the dry unground."

Have there been any other experiments which show anything like such advantages in favor of cooked food? There are doubtless many facts among the community which would throw light on this subject, and we shall be obliged to any persons who will give us such as they are in possession of. It would be well to note the time of the year when trials are made, as there may be more benefit in cooking at some seasons than others—more in cold weather than in warm. The particular circumstances in which the animals are placed, should also be stated.

The above remarks refer to making pork from Indian corn, in some form. With some other articles—as roots, and vegetable food generally—cooking may be expedient to induce the animal to eat enough to produce the desired gain. Cooking renders such food more palatable and wholesome, and much may be consumed in this way which would otherwise be wasted.—*Boston Cultivator.*

HOW TO MAKE BARN-YARDS.—First make the yard level (large or small;) then commence in the middle and scoop out in the form of an apothecary's scale, deepest in the middle, to the depth of one foot in the deepest place. Then collect straw, leaves, old hay, bog grass, sawdust, or anything that can be made into manure, fill it up level, with a row of mangers around the outside; then have living water in the yard, and when you commence foddering, shut the bars or gate, and keep every creature in the yard when not in the stable; then fill up with litter to give them a good bed, and keep doing so until spring, and the manure is three feet deep or more if possible. Then dispose of it as best you can. Some let it remain until fall, and use it for top-dressing; others cart out in spring, and commence filling up again to keep the weeds from growing.

A dry yard is good for nothing to make manure in, while one made from six to twelve inches dishing will always be dry around the outside, and the dish will hold water enough for the mass above to suck from. Have good eave troughs on all the buildings, to keep out all the water possible. Spread the horse manure from the stable over the yard as fast as made. Sprinkle in ashes, plaster, muck, turf, chaff, &c., and waste nothing, and you will soon have a pile of manure that would greatly astonish some that (falsely) bear the name of farmers.—*Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

A READY REMEDY.—We have recently ascertained that the saliva in drying forms a thin and delicate varnish, that may be used to great advantage for burns, as well as for those inconvenient inflammations or swellings in the corner of the eye, known as styes. The varnish is of course purer some time after eating, and more concentrated before than after drinking. If a small burn, which does not destroy the skin, is immediately moistened from the mouth, and blown upon at intervals, the evaporation by the current of air will cool the surface, and more quickly form a varnish by repetitions, and a twofold benefit thus results. A stye in the eye, if taken at the very first commencement, may be soon cured in the same way, being careful to apply it some time after eating or drinking. Varnish has long been known as an excellent cure for burns if applied immediately, and this is a very ready and good one.—*Country Gentleman.*

TO REMOVE CLINKERS IN STOVES.—Persons troubled with "clinkers" adhering to the lining of their stoves or furnaces may be interested in knowing that by placing a few oyster shells into the grate, while the fire is ignited, the clinkers will become loosened so as to be readily removed without the danger of breaking the lining. We have tried this remedy; and while the chemical action is involved in mystery, it accomplished the result to our satisfaction. Who will explain the theory of the action of the gas emitted from the decomposition of the shells upon the clinkers?—*Scientific American.*

CHILBLAIN OINTMENT.—I will give you a recipe for chilblains. It is capital, I can assure you, and has cured a great many persons, both on my own farm and on other farms:

2 quarts of lard,
1 pint of turpentine,
½ pound of camphor. —*Country Gent.*

PRESERVING EGGS FOR WINTER.—Pack them in a close vessel, with the small end down, strewing bran between each layer, then place one or two thicknesses of brown paper over the top, and cover with about an inch or inch and a half of salt. Cover close, and keep in a cool place, and they will be much better than the old method of salting down, which only hardens them.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A BOILED DISH.—Almost every family has a dinner, as often as once a week, of what is popularly called a "boiled dish," and which, properly cooked, is one of the best dishes in the world; but all cooks do not know the best way to boil corn beef. The common method, in order to make it tender, being to put it in cold water, and let beef and water come gradually to a boil. This certainly makes beef tender, but it also extracts all the strength and juices. A better way is to wait till the water boils before putting in the beef; it will then be equally tender, and will retain all its strengthening and juicy properties. Many housekeepers suppose that putting meat in hot water inevitably renders it hard and tough; and so it will, if the water is only hot; but if it boils, the effect will be the reverse. Just as putting a discolored tablecloth in hot water, will set the stains; but put it in boiling water, and it takes them clean out. The same rule applies to all boiled meats. Hams, after boiling four or five hours, should be taken out, the skins taken off, and cracker or bread crumbs grated over them, and then baked in a brisk oven for one hour. A leg of mutton can be treated successfully in the same way, only it does not require to be boiled so long. Of course, the boiling process should always be gentle.—*Mrs. J. C. Croley.*

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley, the author of "Alton Locke," &c., gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares:—"There is no pleasure that I have ever experienced like *a child's midsummer holiday.* The time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night, tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other one having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, are after that! Depend upon it, *a man never experiances such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before,* unless in some cases in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

PRODIGIOUS ALLITERATION.—The N. Y. Post has been shown a curious book in Latin, printed in Germany in 1703, entitled *Nugæ Venales,* filled with jests, epigrams and humorous poems. Among the poems is one entitled *Pugna Porcorum, per Publium Porcium, poetum,* or "The Battle of the Pigs, by Publius Porcus, poet," consisting of about three hundred lines, *every word in which begins with the letter p.* The poem bears this motto:

Perlego poeorum pulcherrima pramila, potor;
Potando poteris placidam proferre poesin.

Nothing, probably, but German patience and labor could produce such a prodigy of alliteration as the poem in question.

☞ Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.—*Clarendon.*

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 17, 9, 6, 22, 14, 14, 31, 2, is a book of the Old Bible.
My 4, 12, 23, 22, 32, was the daughter of Jacob.
My 16, 30, 20, 25, 17, was one of the plagues inflicted upon Pharaoh.
My 36, 17, 6, 22, 10, 2, 31, 37, was one of the tribes of Israel.
My 21, 12, 8, 36, 23, 27, was the sister of Moses.
My 27, 31, 21, 15, 1, 32, was one of the three cities appointed by Moses as a place of refuge.
My 33, 5, 7, 32, 38, 6, 24, 31, was a pool, the scene of one of Christ's miracles.
My 23, 12, 27, 37, 26, 19, was a "mighty hunter before the Lord."
My 33, 22, 30, 11, 36, 21, 3, 9, 6, was a blind man restored to sight by Christ.
My 33, 5, 7, 32, 22, 14, 34, is a place from whence Christ sent two disciples to preach the Gospel.
My 17, 12, 27, 13, 23, was compelled to bear the cross of Christ.
My 25, 3, 23, 14, 38, 17, 31, 30, 5, 11, was a lake, the scene of one of Christ's miracles

My whole was a terrible judgment sent by God upon a rebellious people.

Collinsburg, La. E. W.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 14, 4, 7, 5, is a liquid.
My 2, 14, 7, 15, 5, 13, 3, 10, has three sides.
My 1, 6, 9, 14, 4, 8, 2, is to draw attention.
My 6, 12, 11, 10, 13, 14, 1, 16, 17, 7, 8, is the name of a great many dispatches.

My whole is a project that has involved a great non-paying expense.

New Milton, Va. F. F. R.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You see me in the rainbow,
And you see me in the shade;
You see me in the meadow,
And you see me in the glade.
I'm never seen at noon,
Nor am I seen in the moon;
But you'll see me from afar
In the bright and twinkling star.

Princeton, N. J. L. T.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Letters just five will spell my name;
Cut off my head, it's still the same;
It's just as proper with it gone,
But custom makes me keep it on;
Behead again; transpose; beware,
For I may prove a fatal snare;
If you again my head should sever,
No matter how informed or clever,
'Tis all in vain, give up the cost,
My name you never can find out.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the juice of a tree,
My second is mostly on sea,
My first and my second for each other will stand,
My whole is a race from a far distant land.

Corinth, Miss. J. W. JONES.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WILL WINDSOR.

A ten pole.	Hen trap.
Balm.	Hear.
Help, Ante!	O, Pop, you hit Sam P.
Lame C.	Drol ape.
Saw Eel.	Pea.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman purchased a large cask of wine, containing 100 gallons. His servant drew one gallon from this cask every day during a year, always supplying the deficiency with a gallon of water, and then drew a gallon daily another year, supplying the deficiency every time with a gallon of wine. Now, supposing the water and wine to have been thoroughly mixed each time, how much water remained in the cask at the end of the two years?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two sides of a triangle measure 169 rods and 195 rods, and 84 rods is the length of a side of the greatest square that can be inscribed in it, standing on the third side. Required, the third side?

Scrabble Hill, Pa. GEOMETRICUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What class of people bear a name meaning "I can't improve?" Ans.—Mendicant (mend I can't).

☞ Name me and you break me? Ans.—Silence.

☞ What is most like a horse's shoe? Ans.—A mare's.

☞ What river in England is what naughty girls do? Ans.—The river Tees (Tease).

☞ What people can never live long, nor wear great-coats? Ans.—Dwarfs.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Speech on the Life and Character of Washington, by Edward Everett. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Wagner Free Institute of Science. CHARADE—Curiosity (Cue—rye—os—I—tie). ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—

A	invested	$400.	A	gained	$3,000.
B	"	$600.	B	"	$3,300.
C	"	$700.	C	"	$2,800.
D	"	$800.	D	"	$2,000.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—267,379679 perches radius. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—24 square rods.

☞ Answer to QUESTION published Dec. 24th.—The first field contained 81 acres; second, 16 acres; third, 64 acres; fourth, 256 acres.

FRANKLIN L. SMITH.

Barry, Pike County, Illinois.